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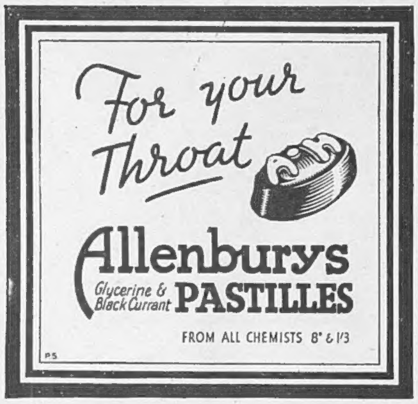

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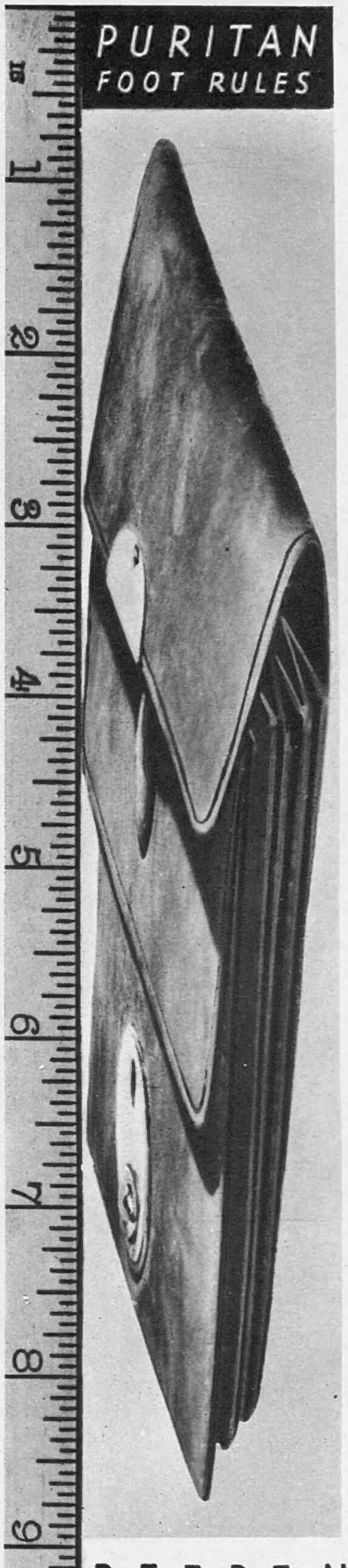

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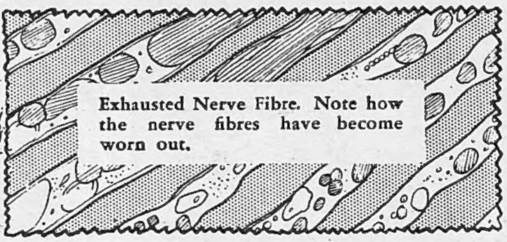

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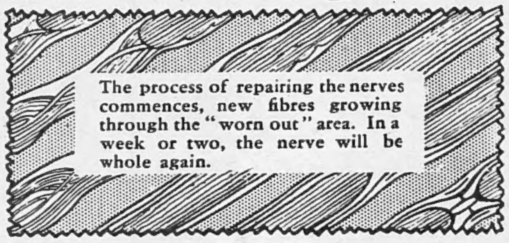

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The Sketch

No. 2328—Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

"RAILWAY HANDS" FOR LORD MONTAGU'S MODEL RAILWAY.

The HON. ANNE DOUGLAS-SCOTT-MONTAGU *(l.) and* MISS RITA RUSSELL *helped to arrange and set out the model railway belonging to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu which was one of the side-shows at the Buckler's Hard Regatta, in aid of local charities, held under the auspices of the Beaulieu River Sailing Club. Lord Montagu, who is the eleven-year-old brother of Miss Anne Montagu, was in charge of his railway. He was born in 1926 and succeeded to the title in 1929.*

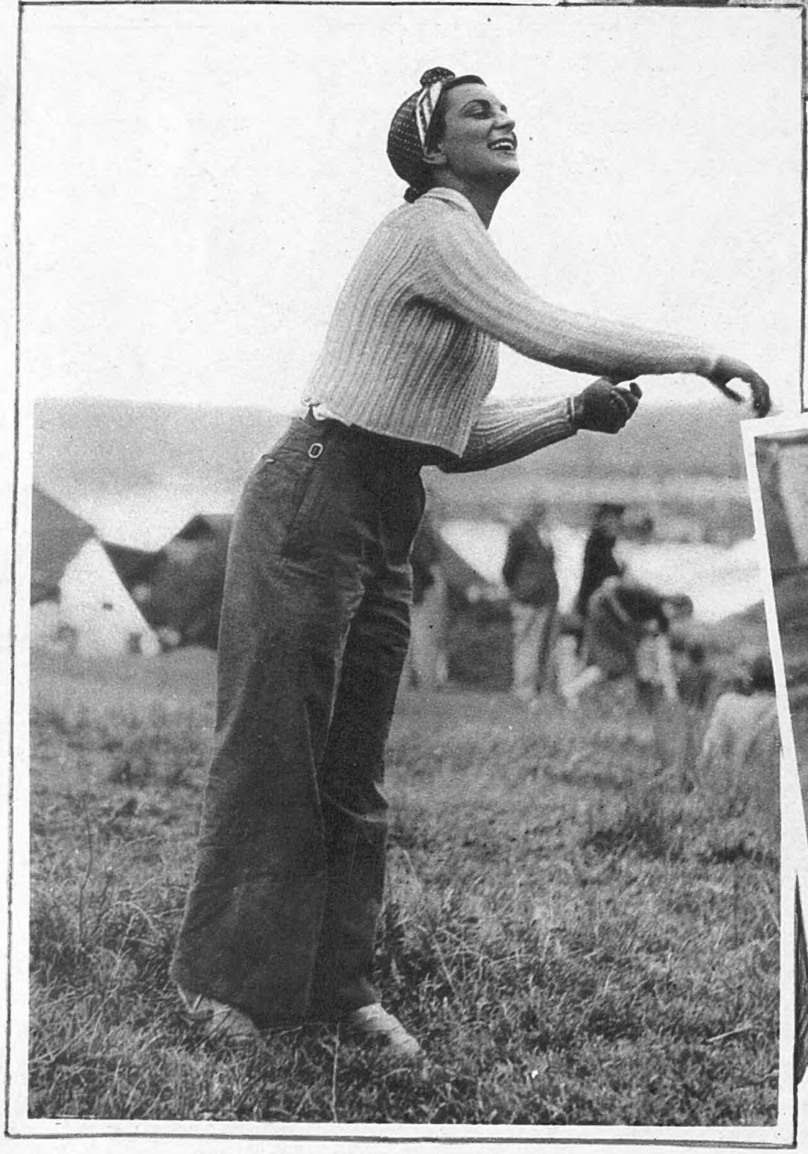
AT BUCKLER'S HARD REGATTA—

SOME OF THOSE WHO ASSEMBLED IN AID OF BEAULIEU CHARITIES.

The HON. MRS. EDWARD PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE, *mother of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, in consultation with* SIR FRANCIS DENT, *at the Buckler's Hard Regatta under the auspices of the Beaulieu River Sailing Club.*

COMMANDER *the* HON. EDWARD PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE, R.N., *is seen with* LADY DICKENS.

Right: MISS MAIR *and* MRS. ARMSTRONG *aboard ship. Conversation between those who go down to the river in yachts seems difficult!*



Quoits were among the popular side-shows. MISS M. HAMMOND *was snapped throwing what looks as if it were a good one.*

LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU, *third holder of the title, is the son of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie. He has evidently inherited an interest in transport from his father, the late Lord Montagu, who was Adviser on Mechanical Transport Service to the Government of India during the European War. He worked his model railway as a regatta side-show.*

SIDE-SHOWS AND MIXED SPORTS.

MRS. DENNIS COHEN has just thrown a quoit.

MR. C. KIMBER, MRS. M. DEWAR, and MISS PAMELA DEWAR *attended the regatta.*

MISS LETTICE HOLDEN *brought her dachshund Doctor to see the sport.*

DR. *and* MISS DAPHNE GRINNELL *obviously found the regatta very interesting.*

MISS ALEYNE HULTON *and* MISS MARY HULTON *at the regatta, which was held in aid of local charities.*

MISS MARY HODGKINSON, MISS PRUDENCE MAYER, *and* MR. G. FARRAR *watched the regatta from a vantage-point on land.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

I.—MORNING.

SIR HARRY LAUDER has announced, and thousands of lusty-voiced persons have announced after him, that while it is nice to get up in the morning, it is nicer to stay in bed. Both propositions may be disputed; ants may despise sluggards, but sluggards may say, with some justice, that they would not be ants at any price. The drone may well consider that a short life and a gay one is better than being, like the busy bee, a mere wage-slave; though it must be admitted that his point of view does not prevail in the long run, and that the prolaterian revolution eventually liquidates him as a parasitical member of the capitalist class. That, however, may be due to mere prejudice. This deplorable social unrest penetrates nowadays even to the bee-world.

"ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO IT — BUT PROMISE NOT TO LOOK AT ME."

DRAWN BY VICKY.

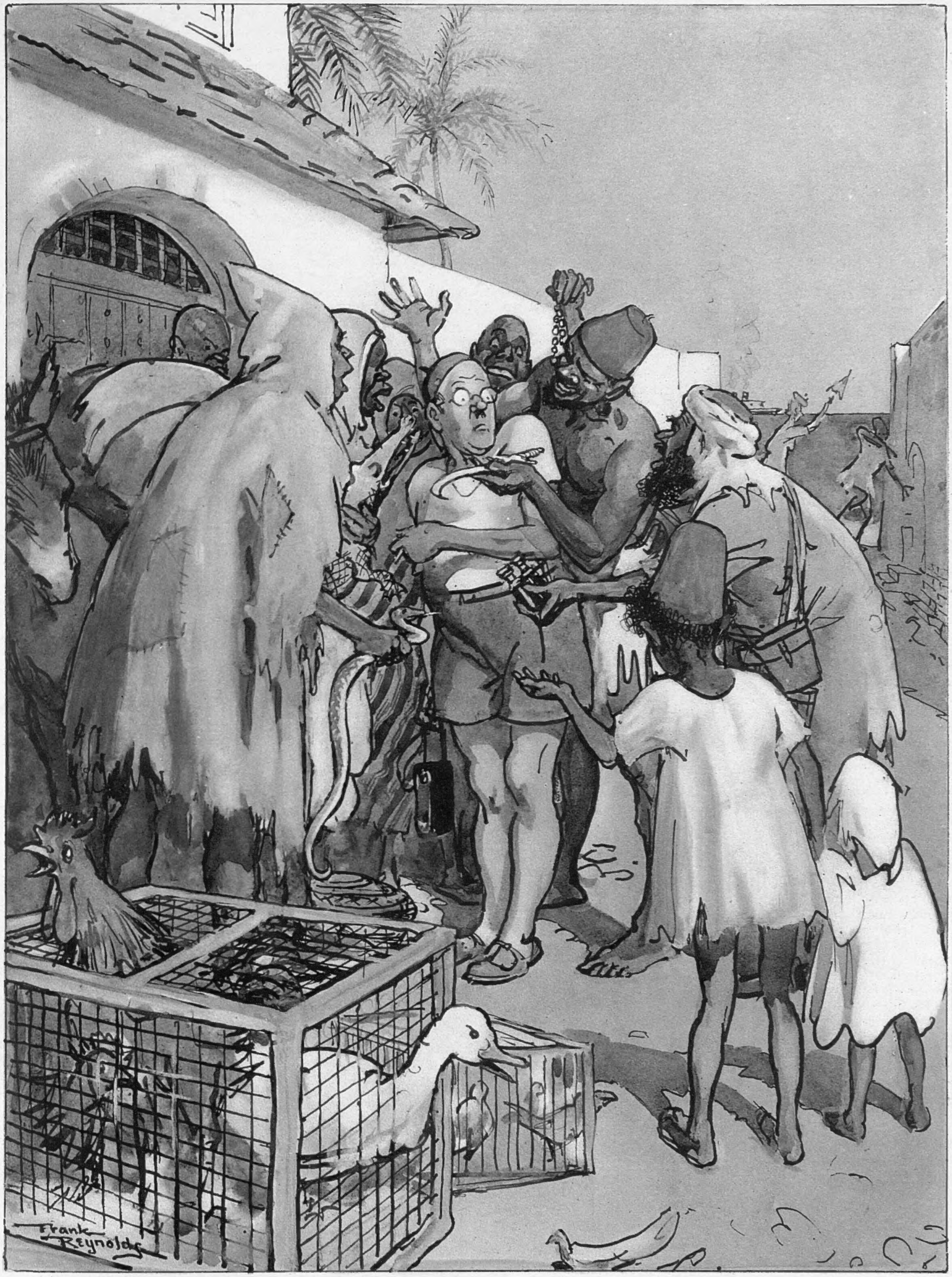
However, let us not become too deeply involved in natural history; you and I really cannot be expected to model our habits on those of ants and bees, though poets and moralists are constantly advocating that sort of thing. They tell us, for example, to rise with the lark and with the lark to bed; but what suits a lark does not suit an owl, and if people prefer to be owls, why shouldn't they, in a free country? Perhaps you haven't a very high regard for owls, but if so, what about the nightingale? He is just as much respected as the lark—more so: anyhow, more odes have been written to him; so why not rise with the nightingale and with the nightingale to bed? It is true that he is not the early bird that catches the worm: but let me remind the moralist that not everybody is interested in catching worms—in fact, it is a disgusting occupation, and why there should be so much admiration for the early bird, and so little sympathy for the worm, I have never understood. As a matter of fact, the lark, in common with the blue-crested chiff-chaff and the yellow-tufted puffin—but come, come! I really *must* keep off all this ornithology, instructive though it may be. Where were we? We were inquiring, I seem to recollect, whether it is as nice to get up in the morning, and as much nicer to stay in bed, as Sir H. Lauder says it is.

To take the second question first, I am inclined to think that Sir Harry exaggerates. Bed is not only a place for repose, but it is sometimes a good place for refuge—indeed, in extreme circumstances, the only refuge from intruding things and persons. Many a busy man, in time of stress, has found that an imaginary chill, reinforced by strict doctor's orders against any visitors, is the only way to get a job of work done. But as a place for merely enjoying leisure, bed is somewhat overrated. The real pleasure of that Sunday morning "good lie-in," prized by so many slaves of duty, is negative—it consists in the fact that you don't have to get up. By lying late and long, you are simply giving an elaborate demonstration of the fact that there is no train to catch to the office this morning. That is a natural human impulse, but merely as an amusement, it soon begins to pall. Once awake, you do not find inertia as soothing as it promised to be; in fact, though you are reluctant to admit it, it is a bit of a bore. Breakfast in bed, though attractive in theory, is also a disappointment. The tray, besides being much too crowded, never seems to fit anywhere, and you generally have to perform exasperating juggling feats with it. You can never get at the correct angle to take your nourishment comfortably, and I know no more difficult feat than that of drinking sideways. Further, no maid has ever yet succeeded in furnishing a breakfast-tray completely; if the sugar is there, the salt is missing, and if they have not forgotten the marmalade, they have certainly overlooked the mustard. If you are honest, you have to admit that it is far more comfortable to take your breakfast sitting up at a table like a Christian.

But, whatever we may think about the niceness of staying in bed — and tastes must differ—is it, can it be, "nice to get up in the morning"? That, of course, depends on many circumstances. For about six months of the year, in this Northern isle, it depends to a considerable extent on the state of the thermometer. Nobody but a hypocrite or a cold-bath-every-morning fiend can pretend that it is a pleasant sensation to emerge from between the sheets into the British climate on a January morning. And obviously, at those times, which must come to all, when clouds of anxiety have gathered, it can never be nice to get up in the morning with the feeling, "Here is another day to be got through somehow." But, assuming that all is normal—yes, I make bold to believe that it *is* nice to get up in the morning. A new period has begun; there is always a sense of adventure and expectancy about it. There are often unwelcome tasks to be faced, but there are also pleasures to anticipate. There are amusing speculations about the interesting things which may happen. It is "nice," when going through the matutinal routine, to run over in one's mind what is to be done and to plan out the day while the head is clear (I trust we may assume this). Given good health and peace of mind, there is a lot of fun to be got out of entering on a new day, whatever one's job in life.

But the process should not be hurried. If getting up in the morning is to be nice, give it plenty of time—and, I personally would add, plenty of tea. A day which opens with a desperate scramble against time is a day badly begun. Open with an adagio movement and leave the andante until a little later. Above all, do not begin presto and allegretto: you won't be able to keep it up. I distrust profoundly the hearties who radiate bonhomie and high spirits at the breakfast-table, and it is well known that they are among the most hated members of the human race. I agree with the late Mr. Arnold Bennett that a normally-constituted man or woman ought to improve as the day goes on. Starting with a bang may merely mean that you have burst a tyre.

Finally, if getting up is to be nice, you must get out the right side of bed. And which side is that, you may ask? I have never discovered. I only know that on some mornings, whichever side you get out is the right side, and on other mornings it is the wrong side. Such, I am afraid, is life!



THE BRISTLEWOODS.

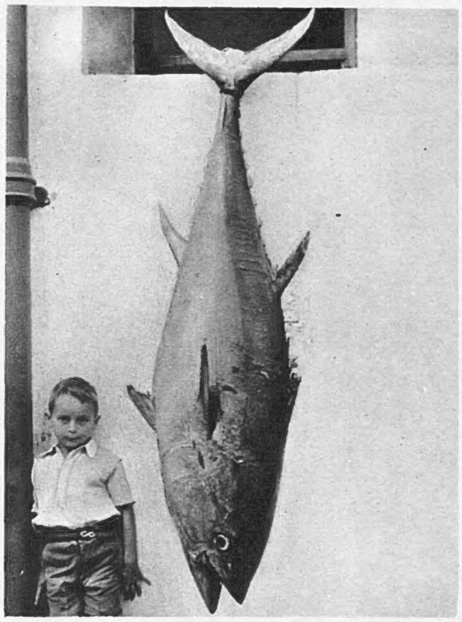
"So this is cruising!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

FROM a *Sketch* reader in Glasgow, Mr. John C. Weir, I have had an interesting letter in connection with my recent note about Lake Llywenan, in Anglesey, giving his own experience a week or two ago. In two days' fishing, despite rather warm and bright conditions, Mr. Weir killed a dozen trout, weighing 17¾ lb. The heaviest fish weighed 2 lb. 11 oz., and none was under 1 lb. in weight. Mr. Weir hooked one heavy fish, probably over 4 lb., but unfortunately the gut broke. He found that sea-trout size of flies were most killing, which he puts down to the abundance of large, natural flies on the acres of reeds surrounding the lake. Mr. Weir worked out the average weight of the fish caught this season as shown in the Cliff Hotel records and found it to be 1 lb. 10½ oz., which, as he remarks, is very good indeed. He thinks that the lake would fish best in June and September.

It is the unexpected that happens in angling. Fishing with his little girl, and using her rod and line with a minnow, MR. BALLARD LANDED THESE FINE TROUT *from the River Wey. The largest was two pounds, all but one ounce. The rod was an old fly rod and cost 2s.; the line was finest silk roach line with a No. 13 hook to 4x gut. The Wey holds very few trout, mostly large and very sly!*



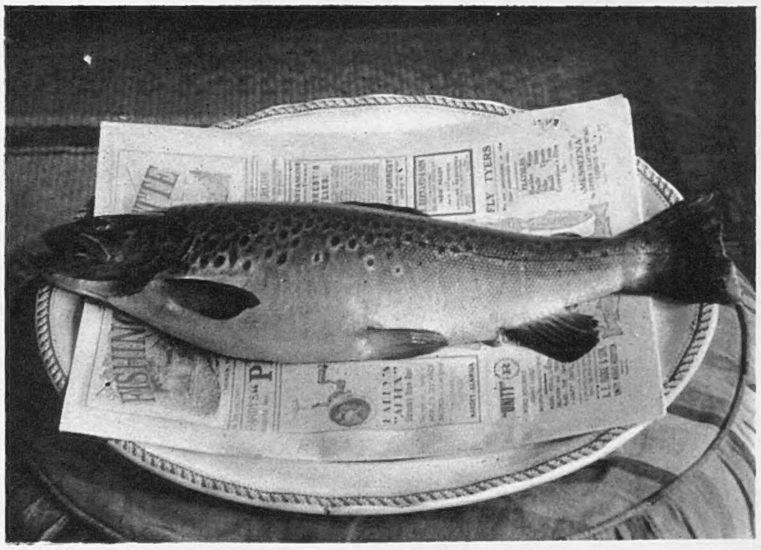
THIS TUNNY IS THE FIRST OF ANY SIZE EVER CAUGHT FROM A PIER. *It is also the first tunny caught on rod in Natal. It was landed on light tackle from South Pier, Durban, by Mr. "Beaver" Jarvis in July last.*

On the Rocks. Having been on the rocks—literally, not metaphorically—I want to write a word or two about the joys of prawning. The rocks to which I refer run out a considerable distance from the beach on the South Coast, within two hours' motor run from London. As the tide recedes, the prawners make their way out over the slippery mussel- and weed-covered rocks, no easy task when negotiating breaks in the reef, where progress is made gingerly from one submerged rock to another. The professionals wade waist-deep on this treacherous foothold to gain the coveted positions on the furthermost points. The amateurs have to wait until the receding tide enables them to obtain a comparatively safe footing. Prawning is really quite entertaining and needs no apprenticeship. The equipment is simple, consisting of three or four prawn "pots," small, conical nets on an iron ring, with a short rope attached, buoyed-up by two corks. With these "pots," a pole with a hook at the end, a few meat-skewers, and a basket to put the prawns in, you are ready to start. The bait is on the rocks—a few handfuls of crushed mussels, and the insides of any fairly large crabs which offer themselves for bait by entering the prawn pots. These insides are spitted on the skewers and lodged in the nets. When a pot is baited, the hook on the pole is hitched under the top cork, and the pot carefully lowered into a likely spot and released, the top cork showing where it rests. By the time the third pot is down, the first is ready for lifting. This is done by hooking the rope under the cork and lifting slowly. The sight of a frisky, gelatinous prawn every now and again prevents interest flagging.

Prawns by the Score. Sometimes catches are light, but at other times great numbers are caught. To-day I was told by a lady, who, I suspect, is a professional, that yesterday she caught six score; an amateur told me he had over four score. My best effort with a single "pot" of unorthodox design, which was really intended for a different style of prawning—off a quay or pier—was about a score. Only ten of these arrived on our tea-table, as, sad to relate, Mary, my small daughter, slipped and fell into a water-gully and went right under. While rescuing her the prawns were upset, and about half of them escaped. The ducking and some nasty cuts on her leg have ended my elder youngster's interest in prawning for the time being. There is an element of risk, apart from cuts and bruises from falls, as it is very easy to get cut off by the rising tide. Standing knee-deep on top of a rock, with the sea swirling round and a gully three or four feet deep between you and the next slippery foothold, which must be located by prodding about with your pole, does not appeal to me. I recommend it to those in search of thrills.

Tunny Caught off Pier. Before I am accused of disseminating misleading information, I will state at once that no tunny has been caught off Scarborough pier. In fact, it was a long way from Scarborough—in South Africa, off South Pier, Durban, that a tunny of 170 lb. was actually caught on rod and line. Nevertheless, the occurrence is unique and worthy of record. I expect Mr. "Beaver" Jarvis, who caught the tunny, had experience of fighting sharks off the North Pier, Durban, otherwise it is doubtful if he could have landed a fish of this size on the light rod and tackle which he was using for barracouta. From a picture of the tunny given in a Durban paper—a cutting of which was sent to me by Mr. G. S. Anderson—the tunny was similar to those caught in the North Sea, and not the long-finned variety. Possibly the reason why this tunny did not break away was because it was hooked in the throat, and gave in after a brief though rapid fight. A friend in South Africa has sent me a photograph of the tunny, and he points out that the comparative shallowness of the water in the harbour may have prevented the tunny fighting better. It is the general experience of tunny-anglers that if one cannot follow a tunny during its first long run, a break is almost inevitable. I believe that most, if not all, of the tunny which have been hooked from large boats, which could not be handled quickly enough to follow the fish, have broken away. The line used by Mr. Jarvis was of about 40 lb. breaking strain, and the bait was a shad.

R. L. MARSTON.



Captain R. J. Trollope CAUGHT THIS BEAUTIFUL TROUT, *weighing 2 lb. 6 oz., in Llandrindod Wells Lake. It is the largest fish caught in the lake, which was stocked with yearling brown and Loch Leven trout in May 1935. The growth these trout have made is very satisfactory, and the fishing is now attracting many anglers.*

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

THE 4TH DEVONS.

In 1801, at a public meeting in Axminster, an East Devon Legion was formed. After Waterloo, this was disbanded; but between 1816 and 1817 a mounted unit of Devonshire men was recruited. This was the forerunner of the 4th Devons. In 1852 Sir John Bucknill formed at Exeter the first Volunteers, which were officially recognised as the 1st Rifle Volunteers. In 1908 this company became the 4th Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment. They sailed for India in 1914 with the 14th Division, and were one of the two T.A. Units in that Division. Later they served in Mesopotamia and Palestine and were there awarded Battle Honours of these two names. Fred May's sketches were made whilst at camp at Bulford, on Salisbury Plain.

Our group, taken on the balcony of the Burnham-on-Crouch Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, shows (l. to r.) MR. RALPH ROBINSON, MRS. BULMER, *and* MRS. HORSFALL. *The delightful panorama of yachts lying at anchor is visible through the glass screen.*

MRS. MOULD, *wife of the owner of "Cordial,"* MISS B. LEES, MISS P. PEGLER, *and* MISS ANN PEGLER *are looking down from the balcony of the very modern club-house of the Royal Corinthians at Burnham-on-Crouch. Mr. W. Pegler's "Mutt" won the race for the Five-Metre Class.*

ROYAL CORINTHIANS OF BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

MR. BEATON—
"TO ONE HARE ADD THREE EGGS."

MR. CECIL BEATON'S *recipe for a very successful fancy dress for himself apparently runs : " To one hare add three eggs . . .", which seems very moderate when one thinks of the immortal Mrs. Beeton, who never suggests anything good without taking at least a dozen eggs from somewhere or someone ! " Cecil Beaton's Scrap Book " is to be published on September 20 by B. T. Batsford, and will be an entertaining volume.*

PLAY-TIME AT BIARRITZ.

Above: The DUC DE MONTEBELLO, *sixth holder of the title, and direct descendant of Napoleon's Marshal Lannes, is shown mounted for the exhibition polo match which took place at the Biarritz charity fête.*

Right: SUB-LT. JOHN HARBOTTLE, R.N., *who hails from Cumberland, and* SUB-LT. ERIC DROUGHT, R.N., *from Ireland, were snapped at Villa Pelican, where they went as lunch guests of the Marquesa de Portago. They are with the son of the house,* ALFONSO, *who is a godson of the ex-King of Spain.*

MRS. EVERARD GATES, *who has now gone on to Scotland with her husband, thoroughly enjoyed her fortnight's visit to Biarritz with her husband and son.*

MRS. CORNELIUS DRESSELHUYS, *who was Miss Lorraine Manville, is posed with her daughter by her first marriage,* MISS LORRAINE GOULD. *Mr. Dresselhuys was Liberian Minister in London.*

The HON. MRS. CHARLES WINN *and her attractive little son,* MICHAEL WINN, *attended the polo match and charity fête at Biarritz. Her husband is Lord St. Oswald's younger brother.*

Sunshine-yellow rubber and a sweater made of yellow towelling slung from the shoulders is MADAME CHRISTIAN DUFAURE'S *fine-weather beach-kit. She was Miss June O'Malley-Keyes, and is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel Middleton O'Malley-Keyes.*

The HON. LADY CLIFFORD *is the charming young wife of H.E. the Governor of Mauritius, the Hon. Sir Bede Clifford, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.V.O., youngest brother of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. She was Miss Alice Gundry and is American by birth. Sir Bede and Lady Clifford have three little daughters — Anne Frances Mary, born in 1929; Patricia David (known as "Pandora"), born in 1930; and Alice Devon (known as "Atalanta"), born in 1932. They are posed with Lady Clifford in our portrait-study. Sir Bede was formerly Governor of the Bahamas.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YEVONDE.

THE HON. LADY CLIFFORD WITH ANNE, "PANDORA," AND "ATALANTA."

The players in this North Berwick foursome are (l. to r.) BARON GEOFFREY DE WALDNER DE FREUNDSTEIN *(who married Miss Lulu Esmond),* MME. UZIELLI *(formerly Miss Sybil Esmond),* MRS. EDWARD ESMOND, *and* MR. LIONEL COHEN, K.C.

LADY HEATHCOAT-AMORY *(better known by her maiden name of Miss Joyce Wethered), has just hit a good one at the Sea Hole.* MISS ELSIE GRANT SUTTIE, *another well-known player, is watching the flight of the ball.*

The DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, *who was Miss Kathleen Tennant, is very fond of North Berwick, where she spent much of her childhood. Here she is enjoying a round on the famous course.*

MISS MARGARET MONCRIEFF, *daughter of Lord Moncrieff, the Scottish Law Lord, and* MISS DIANA COLVIN, *daughter of General Sir George Colvin, have solved the problem of enjoying ease on the sands without an easy chair.* MISS PAT HOLLAND *is doing without a back to lean against.*

MISS JOAN WYLD, MR. ALASTAIR RUMBOLD, M.C., *Cameron Highlanders, nephew of Sir Horace Rumbold, Bt.,* MR. TOMMY STEELE, *son of the late General Julian Steele, and* MISS SHEILA LAURIE, *a Hollywood débutante of the season, are waiting their turn.*

PERFECT WEATHER FOR THE GOLFERS AT NORTH BERWICK:

PHOTOGRAPHS

SIR JOHN HEATHCOAT-AMORY, BT., *has just driven off at the second hole.* LADY HEATHCOAT-AMORY *and* MISS ELSIE GRANT SUTTIE *have their eyes glued on the flight of his ball.*

MISS SHARMAN COATS, MISS EVELYN COATS, MR. NEILL OHLSSON, *and* MR. STANLEY COATS *are obviously enjoying the glorious weather at North Berwick.*

The MARQUESS OF HUNTLY, *son of the late Lord Granville Gordon, succeeded to the title on the death of his great-uncle, the eleventh Marquess. He is shown with* BABY ZANDRA HAMBRO, *daughter of Mrs. Alec Hambro, and* MISS PATRICIA HAMBRO.

MR. *and* MRS. ALEC HAMBRO *have been enjoying a stay at North Berwick. She was Miss Baba Beaton.*

The COUNTESS OF CROMER *was snapped playing her tee shot to the difficult first hole. A certain amount of anxiety seems depicted on her face.*

The MISSES SONIA *and* LALLY VAGLIANO *are daughters of Mr. André Vagliano, who has won the French Native Championship five times and the French Open Championship (Amateur and Professional) once.*

"THE BIARRITZ OF THE NORTH" UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS.

BY BALMAIN.

TALES WITH A STING.

SCALES OF GOLD.

By DOUGLAS NEWTON.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

WHEN he saw the first glint of gold in the swirling pan, Kearns' heart stood still. His breath lodged so thick in his throat that he could not shout the news to Leach. Then, as he squatted, his heart hammering, Leach snarled for the thousandth time that day:

"That 's it! Anyone c'n have my share of this hoodoo claim for fifty quid! I 'm through! First piker I see in camp to-night can have my half for fifty measly slappers down!"

A twinge went through Kearns as he listened, staring at those gold scales in the pan—he had forty-three pounds in notes in his belt. Leach had been cursing their claim for a week and drinking to drown its bad luck for days. Leach might be an old hand, but he was a souse, too, and no sticker. Kearns had grown sick of him. What had been the use of cursing the claim, anyhow? It was on a good river bench and might yield rich pay-dirt any moment, like Welford's, three claims above theirs—and, anyhow, it was the only claim they had.

But Leach was old and soft from too much booze and so hadn't the guts to hold on. Those weeks spent without even a sight of gold in the pan had soured him. Two days ago he had practically thrown up the sponge, had begun to damn the claim as useless, a hopeless wash-out, a waste of time and energy. He had grown steadily worse, until this morning he had started work like a man who 'd already decided it was no good going on. All morning he had sweated from the hard drinking of the night before, cursed, and continually jeered: "I 'd trade this barren dump-heap for a gallon o' beer!" or "for a ticket to Tuskansa."

That was mere angry wind, of course, but he 'd grown steadily more grouchy, until, as they took up work again after the midday scoff, the blistering heat of the tropic sun made it real and he had boomed:

"No, Sir! I won't waste my guts any more on this darn-all claim! I 'll sell out. That 's rock-bottom. I sell out to anyone who 'll give me a hundred quid for my half."

Kearns knew from the new tone of him that he meant it. He had said persuasively, for he didn't want any chancy new partner:

"Get to it, old-stager! This may be our day for a killing. You 've only to stick it out and we 'll find big money yet."

"Pah! You young lunk-heads an' your sticking it out!" Leach had snorted. "No sense in going on when you know there 's nothing coming. . . . My nut may be old, but it can see that. I tell you I 'm quitting. Anybody ready to give me ninety or a hundred pounds can have my share . . ."

"Take the panning," Kearns had said. "That 'll be cooler. I 'll dig."

"You would!" jeered Leach. "Dig your way right through to South America! Your sort 's got more hope than brains. Me—this is my last day at playing the fool."

Most of the afternoon he had gone on like that, working slackly at panning the gravel that Kearns dug and tossed to him, spending far more energy in telling the world what a mug he was to do it. And every now and then he proclaimed his unalterable intention of getting rid of his share, if he could only find a mug with money enough when they got back to camp. His rancour had deepened so definitely that he had got down to seventy-five pounds cash for his share by the time it was his turn to do the digging to Kearns' panning.

Digging brought his price down with a run. It was gruelling work, for they had got down to packed gravel by then, and his old body was exhausted as well as booze-soft. As he groaned and cursed and sweated in the tropic heat, he dropped his price for selling out to seventy quid—sixty—fifty-five . . .

Kearns had hardly listened; he was beyond even anxiety about Leach's selling out; he was only bored with the slack old fool. He had squatted doggedly at his task: swirling the pan, tossing the inevitably barren dirt aside, filled up with the fresh gravel Leach was feeding to him, dipped the pan in the stream and swirled again. It had been automatic, monotonous, insensitive—until he saw the gold. Then his heart stood still! *Then* old Leach's words took on real meaning.

Leach really would sell out—if he wasn't told about this gold . . . which, anyhow, might be only a flash in the pan. Kearns tossed the dirt aside, noting where it fell, took fresh gravel, dipped and panned it. His heart, curiously, stopped pounding, became steady as he saw the gold scales glint almost at once. . . . Yes, the ground *was* getting richer.

He tried again and again. No doubt about it. There was more gold with every panning. The thing that he had hoped for, had practically foreseen, had happened. They had dug down to the pay-dirt at last. Just when they were giving up hope—when Leach *had* given up hope, they had come upon ground thick and rich in gold.

Kearns' young mouth clamped grimly. Why should he share with the old drunkard? The chap would have quit a week ago if it had not been for him. It was only his insistence on sticking it out that had kept the slack fool to his job. Why should he tell of the find? Why should he share—when he could take Leach at his word, and take all?

He panned again, and found the gold richer than ever, and as Leach snarled: "For fifty quid any mug can have my bit——!" he burst out: "Aw, hell! Shut your mouth! I 'm sick of listening to you!"

"I mean it! For forty-five quid——"

"If I thought you did, I 'd offer you forty-three quid just to be quit of the sound of your voice!" Kearns snarled.

"Make it forty-five," Leach bawled, flinging down his spade, "an' you 'll see if I mean it!"

"I 've only got forty-three, so your bluff holds," Kearns jeered. "Now get on with the job."

"Bluff!" Leach roared. "Here—hand over that forty-three an' it 's done . . ." He came shambling through the dirt. "Come on—or is it you who 's bluffing?"

Kearns put his hand to his belt, held back, for he felt he must go craftily. "Don't talk wind. You can't chuck away half a mine just because you 're booze-lazy——"

"Forty-three quid!" Leach snapped. "Hand it over an' come along to the camp an' get your legal papers! . . . As for your mine, it 's a wash-out!"

"All right," Kearns said, as though baited into making his decision, and he turned with Leach towards the camp. "But I believe in it. I 'll stick it out . . ."

As he walked towards the camp he told himself that, anyhow, he 'd done his best to dissuade Leach; it was the fool's own fault if he lost now. . . . Of course, he himself would go slow. Wouldn't disclose he 'd struck pay-dirt until, say, a week had passed. That 'd make everything look all right. They 'd say it was the usual beginner's luck when the claim proved a bonanza—perhaps he 'd send old Leach a few thousands to prove he was a sport.

The money and papers were transferred as quickly as the camp mines officer could manage it, and old Leach got out even more quickly. He was in a bar 300 miles away when he next talked of the matter with another old-timer two days later.

"Yeah, me partner swindled me," he said, as he emerged from a quart mug. "Found gold in the panning, but never told me—bought me out instead, see, the dirty young sweep!"

"Sez you!" chuckled the other old-timer. "An' what sort o' gold was it this clever young greenhorn found, Leachy?"

"Lovely glittering stuff," Leach grinned, ordering more beer. "An' so much o' it that he couldn't help turning shyster and doing his poor old partner in. . . . It looked like £70,000 to him."

"But what was it? Brass filings washed in Indian root an' salted into the gravel while he wasn't looking?" the other grinned. "Aye, I see it was—he 'll get a shock, that young smarty."

"But, like me, he won't tell," grinned Leach. "Like me, he feels guilty of a crooked deal."

He grinned again and drank with gusto of the beer Kearns' £43 was providing.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

CORAL BROWNE—
CLUB MANAGERESS IN "THE GUSHER."

MISS CORAL BROWNE *plays Jacqueline, the Manageress of Barney's Club and Dance Hall, in* "THE GUSHER," *the successful Ian Hay thriller at the Princes Theatre. She is Australian, and has been in this country for three years. She made a big personal success in "Heroes Don't Care," at the St. Martin's; and was recently seen in "The Great Romancer," at the New. She has played in a number of English films and starred with Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, in "The Amateur Gentleman."*

June 20, 1837, as presented in the film " Victoria the Great ": VICTORIA (Anna Neagle) HEARS OF HER ACCESSION from the Archbishop (C. V. France) and Lord Conyngham (Hubert Harben).

June 20, 1837, as recorded by Henry Tamworth Wells, R.A., in " Victoria Regina," showing VICTORIA HEARING OF HER ACCESSION from the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham.

February 10, 1840, as presented in the film (which had its première at the International Film Exhibition in Venice and is due at the Leicester Square Theatre on September 16) : Anna Neagle as QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

June 10, 1840, as presented in the film: EDWARD OXFORD'S ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE QUEEN VICTORIA (Anna Neagle) when driving with the Prince Consort (Anton Walbrook) in the Green Park.

June 10, 1840, as recorded by a contemporary artist: a reproduction of a print illustrating THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA BY EDWARD OXFORD.

A STATE VISIT TO THE ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN; as shown on the screen: Queen Victoria (Anna Neagle), with the Duchess of Kent (Mary Morris), and Lord Melbourne (H. B. Warner).

A STATE VISIT TO THE ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, as recorded by a contemporary artist: Napoleon III., Queen Victoria, the Empress Eugénie, and the Prince Consort in the Royal Box in 1855.

"VICTORIA THE GREAT" — CONTEMPORARY

FILM "STILLS" BY

February 10, 1840, as recorded by a contemporary artist: an engraving, after the drawing by William Drummond, of QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

February 10, 1840, as presented in the film, which is produced and directed by Herbert Wilcox; Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook as Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

February 10, 1840, as recorded by a contemporary artist: "The Bridal Morn," by F. Lock; showing QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT, *after the wedding.*

July 9, 1838, as recorded by a contemporary artist; QUEEN VICTORIA REVIEWING HER TROOPS IN HYDE PARK.

July 9, 1838, as presented in the film: Anna Neagle as QUEEN VICTORIA REVIEWING HER TROOPS, *with the Duke of Wellington (James Dale; left) and Lord Melbourne (H. B. Warner).*

QUEEN VICTORIA DANCING WITH PRINCE ALBERT *as represented in a contemporary lithograph of the young Royal pair in romantic mood.*

QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT *(Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook)* DANCING TOGETHER *before their marriage at a Court Ball, as presented in the film.*

PICTURES COMPARED WITH FILM SCENES.

FRED DANIELS.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The marriage of MISS CECILE RANKIN, *younger daughter of Sir Robert Rankin, M.P., and the late Mrs. Rankin, of Broughton Tower, Broughton-in-Furness, to* FLIGHT-LIEUT. JOHN GRANDY, R.A.F., *son of the late Mr. Francis Grandy, took place at St. George's, Hanover Square.*

THAT "back-from-the-holidays" feeling is beginning to make London a more interesting place from the social angle than it has been through August; but with the Court in Scotland, the last of the Classics being run at Doncaster to-day, Sept. 8, and Riviera, Lido, and Dalmatian beaches still crowded with sun-worshippers, you can't say that we are very Metropolis-conscious again as yet. County society, on the contrary, is very active and party-minded at the moment, and the younger set have not yet done talking of the splendid dance given by Lord and Lady Cholmondeley for their daughter Lady Aline Cholmondeley, at Houghton Hall, which was honoured by the presence of Queen Mary, who came from Sandringham.

As everyone knows, Lady Cholmondeley is the romantic-looking and graceful, dark-eyed sister of Sir Philip Sassoon, and, like him, is the happy possessor of good taste and means to gratify it, so it's not surprising that she has the most wonderful jewels and treasures in her house in Kensington Palace Gardens, and also at Houghton Hall, where there are many heirlooms, for the family is a very ancient one, and has played no small part in English history.

A charming snapshot of the sleeping beauty—in other words, MRS. CHURCHILL, *taking a nap on the lawn at Madresfield Court when visiting there. She was Miss Angela Culme-Seymour.*

. . .

The dance was in honour of the twenty-first birthday of Lady Aline Cholmondeley, though she doesn't actually attain years of discretion until October, but August was a more convenient month for the ball. Dancing took place in the magnificent ballroom, which was built for Sir Robert Walpole in 1722, when he pulled down the old house and constructed a much larger one in the ornate style of the eighteenth century, with pillars, towers, and high, well-proportioned rooms.

Lady Aline Cholmondeley is well known and exceedingly popular all round Houghton, and spends a good deal more time there than she does in London. She interests herself in all the village activities, and is prominent in the Girl Guides, Women's Institute, and other movements which make such a difference to the life of the country people in England. The Cholmondeleys are some of the best of the good landlords among our great landed proprietors, and have built a regular little terrace of charming small white houses quite near Houghton Hall for the workers on the estate. It is definitely a model village of a highly decorative kind.

. . . . . .

News of our young married couples includes the information that Mr. and Mrs. John Leslie (she was Miss Coral Pinckard) have been spending most of their time of late at Kininvie, in Banffshire, their Scottish home, and that their guests have recently included Mrs. Leslie's sister, the former Cherry Pinckard, and her husband, Mr. Edward Bull. The Bulls, who live in the U.S.A., are due to start back home on Sept. 18. They have a house over there which Mrs. Bull is having decorated after her own designs, and these are not in the least the amateurish fancies of someone with no experience—oh, no; in the U.S.A. young women are far too practical to plunge uninstructed into anything! It appears that it's very *chic* to take a course of house decoration, and Mrs. Bull has just gone through a pretty strenuous one, so is well qualified to decide on the doing-up of her own home.

. . . . .

London weddings in the "off" season have been numerous this year, and the marriage of Miss Cecile Rankin, daughter of Sir R. Rankin, the member for the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool, to Ft.-Lt. John Grandy, R.A.F., was a very pretty ceremony at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride chose an all-white scheme and wore a most original dress, laced all down the back to the middle of the train, where it divided in a mermaid's-tail effect. The four bridesmaids also had lacing down the back of their white dresses, but only to the waist.

Naturally the bride and bridegroom flew to Paris, and then started off on a long motoring tour through the Continent, where they are likely to encounter some good weather by now, for, from all accounts, there's been a lot of rain in Central Europe, and even Venice has been swept by thunderstorms. In that lovely city, however, everything is beautiful, and I even received an enthusiastic account of the picturesque appearance of the Grand Canal when it became transformed to a sheet of sinister-looking ink-black water lashed by torrential rain!

Coming-of-age celebrations were held last week at Crathes Castle in honour of Miss Rohays Burnett, only daughter of Major-Gen. Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys. These included a reception for tenants and employees, a dance in Crathes village hall, and other parties. Our group shows MR. ROGER BURNETT, MISS ROHAYS BURNETT, *with* MRS. LAURENCE CARR, *sister of Lady Burnett, and* LADY BURNETT OF LEYS.

. . . .

The Princess Royal is now entertaining a certain amount again at Harewood, and is having a small party for Doncaster

MRS. C. R. FAIREY *(formerly Miss Esther Whitmey) and her little son,* JOHN STEPHEN FAIREY, *are seen paying a visit to the pet rabbits at Woodlands, Iver. Mr. C. R. Fairey, whose aeroplanes are named after him, is the Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, and a keen yachtsman.*

this week. The racing guests will, however, have dispersed before Queen Mary starts her visit there on Sept. 13. Lord Harewood has arranged to meet her Majesty in Harrogate, and once again the railway station will be marvellously decorated in her honour. Last year, it will be remembered, no flowers were set out, owing to the Court mourning.

. . . . . .

Baroness Beaumont and Lord Howard of Glossop were away in Scotland for the York Meeting, for they have been at Nurishiel, in the Highlands, for the past few weeks, but are installed at Carlton Towers for the Leger. Their house-party includes their débutante girl, Marigold Fitzalan-Howard, the two younger daughters of Gwendolen, Duchess of Norfolk, the Ladies Winifride and Katherine Howard, and, of course, Baroness Beaumont's sister, Mrs. Micklethwait and her husband. Baroness Beaumont and Mrs. Micklethwait are devoted sisters, and both enthusiastic racing women, who are to be seen together at most of the important meetings. Lady Monkswell is also a member of the Carlton Towers party, which is having a busy send-off to race week, as Monday was fixed for a big charity " do " at Carlton Towers.

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Althorp, where Queen Mary has arranged to spend this week as the guest of Lord and Lady Spencer, before going to visit the Princess Royal at Harewood, contains one of the finest private collections of works of art in the country, and one in which everything is perfectly arranged and in first-class condition, for Lord Spencer is passionately interested in the arts, and possesses both knowledge and taste. One of the fascinating features of the Althorp collection is that in several instances the receipted bills for the pictures are framed and hung below them. How enviously visitors must gaze at the account for £40 charged by Sir Joshua Reynolds for painting the fine portrait of Mme. Blanckart—especially our American cousins, who have paid in many thousands for much less beautiful examples of his work!

The treasures at Althorp include family portraits by Vandyck, Lely, and other great artists, and, as Lord Spencer believes in keeping his collection up-to-date, you may admire Wootton's sporting pictures, featuring the Lord Spencer of *his* day, and then see Lionel Edwards' portrait of the present holder of the title as a hunting man. You can also turn from the Reynolds and Gainsborough representations of bygone Spencers to the Augustus John portrait of the present Earl in his Life Guards uniform, and admire William Nicholson's painting of the fair and lovely Lady Spencer (who is now hostess to Queen Mary), depicted in a brilliant haze of golden light. These two modern pictures hang on the stairs.

Margaret, Lady Lucan, mother of the second Lord Spencer, was a good amateur artist, and made miniature copies of many of the famous pictures at Althorp, including the Rubens paintings of a little girl and of Cardinal Ferdinand, Infante of Spain; and among the historic jewels in the possession of the Spencers are some highly romantic pearls. They were given by the City of London to Elizabeth of Bohemia, who left them to Prince Rupert. He, I regret to say, gave them to Peg Hughes, but the forceful and energetic Sarah Duchess of Marlborough (whose golden beer-tankard graces Althorp) bought them back, and they are treasured by her descendants.

. . . . . .

And now to turn from the stately halls of Althorp to gaiety in the Isle of Wight. Although the Bembridge season ends this week, the Garland Club dance on the other Saturday night was more crowded than ever. There were a great many supper-parties held afterwards. Mrs. Sotheran-Estcourt had a large one to celebrate the announcement of her daughter Eleanor's engagement to Mr. Philip Morris-Keating, who is in the " Blues." Another Diana was that well-known good-looker Miss Diana Mills, who looked, as usual, very striking in a striped chiffon dress. Mrs. Eustace Morrison-Bell brought her daughter Pamela, who was in royal blue, which suited her dark colouring admirably. Among the young men to be seen dancing were Lord Macduff, Mr. Anthony Brougham, Mr. David Niven, and Lord Jellicoe, and the young married couples included Mr. and Mrs. Peter Flower.

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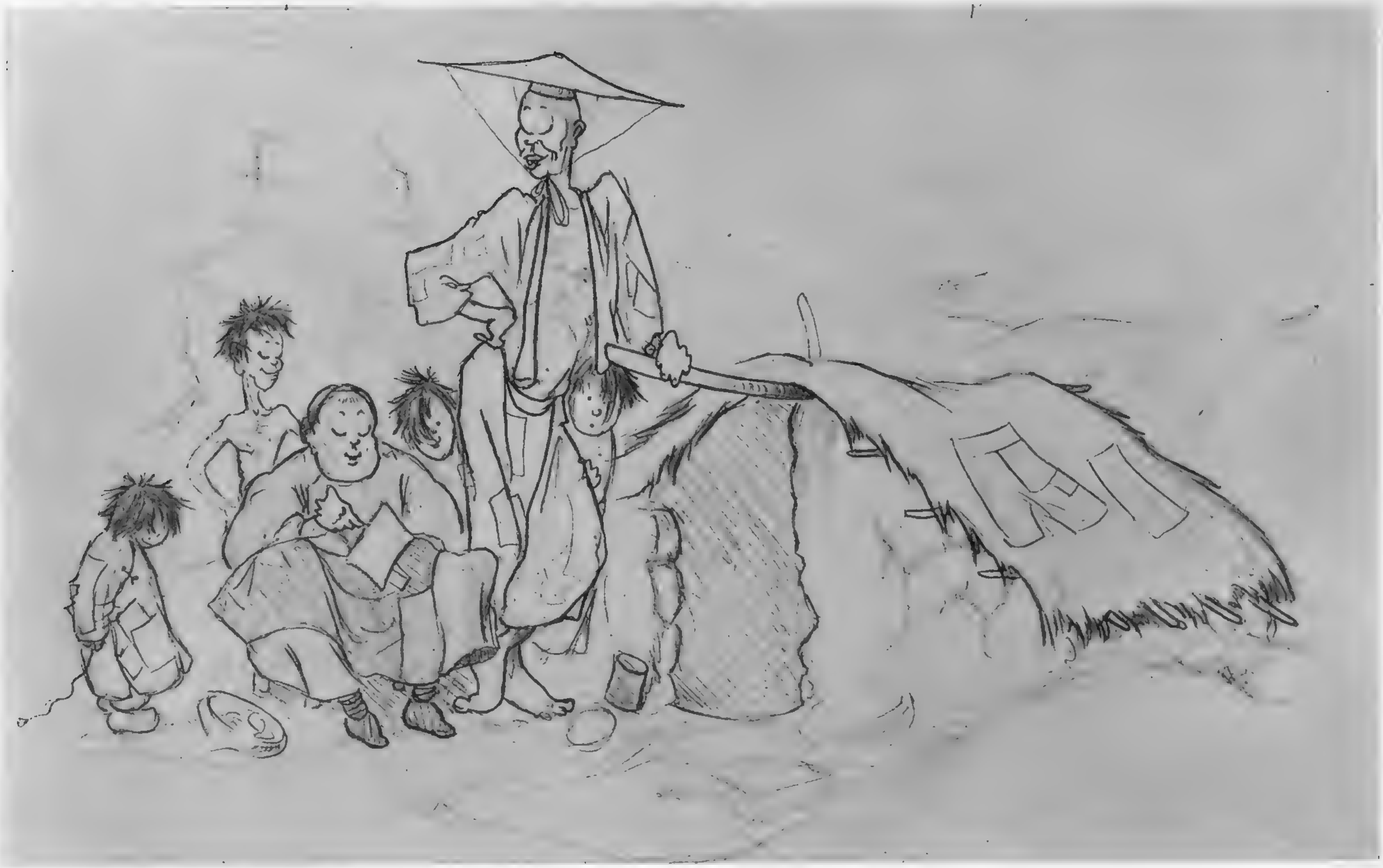
No one can say that we have not begun the winter well in London, for the Ballet is here to welcome wanderers home again as early as September! The de Basil company were due to open a five-weeks' season on Monday last, before embarking for their annual 13,000-mile tour of America; and this is only the beginning of what we are promised will be a most interesting winter programme at Covent Garden. It is certainly delightful that our famous and beautiful opera house is no longer to be allowed to drop off to sleep for half the year!

Talking of winter plans brings me to the original programme in the cause of *gourmandise* and charity (yes, it *is* a queer mixture!) that Mme. Prunier has evolved for the benefit of Londoners, and of those who go down to the sea in ships. She is having a series of " Lectures for Gourmets " at her establishment in St. James's Street. These will instruct us how to treat the fish for every course of dinner in turn (except, I fancy, the sweet!), and will be given by great authorities, starting with Professor Boulenger, on Oct. 13, on the engrossing subject of oysters. The lectures will last 45 minutes only, from 4.45 till 5.30, and will be in aid of various charities connected with seafaring men and deep-sea fishers. After having mentally digested the lecture, the members of the audience can allow their interior economy to enjoy a little *dégustation* of *spécialités de la maison* before going home. A nice ending to an instructive afternoon!

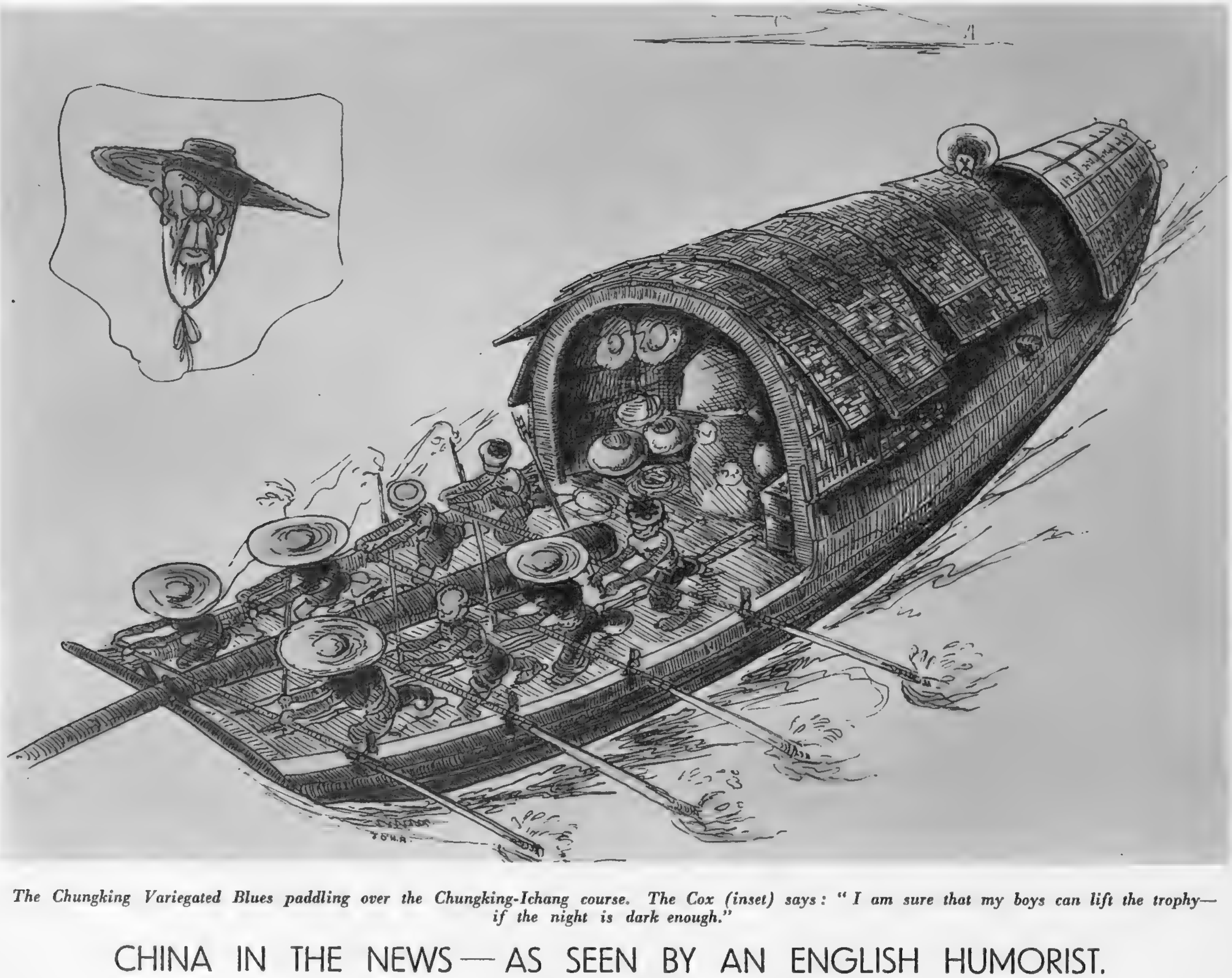
MARIEGOLD.

H.M. KING ZOG OF ALBANIA, *still unmarried and young as Kings go, is here seen with his sisters,* T.R.H. PRINCESSES MYZEYEN, RUHIJE *and* MAXHIDE, *and members of his Court, his Cabinet, and his Army.*

*The unmarried sisters of H.M. King Zog—*H.R.H. PRINCESS MYZEYEN, *born in 1909,* H.R.H. PRINCESS RUHIJE, *born in 1910, and* H.R.H. PRINCESS MAXHIDE, *born in 1911—are here seen in their smart uniforms as Lieutenants in their brother's Royal Guard, the crack Albanian regiment.*



"The Householder"; or, "Ain't Love Grand?"



The Chungking Variegated Blues paddling over the Chungking-Ichang course. The Cox (inset) says: "I am sure that my boys can lift the trophy—if the night is dark enough."

CHINA IN THE NEWS—AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISH HUMORIST.

DRAWN BY JOHN O'H. ASHDOWN.

The marriage of MISS DOROTHY ROUND, England's No. 1 Lawn-Tennis girl, to Dr. Douglas Leigh Little took place at the Wesley Methodist Church, Dudley, Worcestershire. The bride is here seen arriving at the church with her father, MR. JOHN B. ROUND, followed by two little girl attendants and one grown-up bridesmaid, Miss Mary Heeley.

Between one and two thousand people swept aside barricades and broke through police cordons to greet MISS DOROTHY ROUND and her bridegroom, DR. DOUGLAS LEIGH LITTLE. Crowds ran along beside the bridal car to the Town Hall, where the reception was held, and twice during the reception, at which there were three hundred guests, the bride appeared on the balcony in response to the continuous shouting of the crowds outside—" We Want Dorothy."

MISS BETTY NUTHALL, wearing a dress with rather a Spanish flavour about it, was one of the famous lawn-tennis personalities present.

DR. DOUGLAS LEIGH LITTLE and MRS. LITTLE (formerly Miss Dorothy Round) are holding the flower-decked " Silver key of happiness," which was presented to the bride by the six-year-old daughter of the Mayor of Stourbridge. MISS MARY HEELEY, the well-known lawn-tennis player (right), was the only grown-up bridesmaid.

THE MARRIAGE OF DOROTHY ROUND, OUR No. I LAWN-TENNIS GIRL.

THE FIFTEEN TO TWENTY-ONERS: VIENNESE GRACE OVER LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DAVIS.

The much-discussed Spirit of Gay Vienna is personified in these beautiful photographs of girls of the Viennese Ballet, which has just been seen at the Savoy Hotel. This troupe is under the direction of the famous Viennese ballerina Hedy Pfundmayr, of the Royal Opera House, Vienna. She selected its members from among the many brilliant Austrian dancers who wished to go on the tour, and chose a company whose ages range from fifteen to twenty-one years. They include Illy Holzmann, Ann Nederjoed, Marzi Daucha, Lilly Calderon, Edith Klienstein, Lilly Ernst, Gusti Baumgartner (the "baby," aged fifteen), Lona Hess, and Gerti Mandeville. Our fine camera-studies were taken on the roof of the Savoy.

"HOUSE FULL" AT THE BATH HORSE SHOW:

Above: The HON. NADINE *(left)* and the HON. NOREEN STONOR, *daughters of Lord Camoys. Miss Noreen took the first two places in the class for ponies under fourteen hands.*

LADY VERONICA HORNBY, *sister of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, with her entry.*

One of the competitors is seen arriving at the Show in a car-trailer, converted into a horse-box, with a window for the "passenger" to look out of.

MISS DIANA HASTINGS *brought her dog with her to the Bath Horse Show. There was a big attendance and the Grand Stand was sold out days before the event.*

Left: The jumping was a great feature of the Show. MR. J. MASSARELLA, *on Silver Mint, is here seen winning the champion high jump.*

Right: Another action study of MR. J. MASSARELLA, *on Silver Mint, well out of the saddle when taking the high jump.*

FINE HUNTERS AND A THRILLING DISPLAY OF JUMPING.

The EARL and COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND are watching the Show with their daughter, LADY ROSE FANE, and (l.) COL. the HON. MALISE HORE-RUTHVEN.

Left: LADY APSLEY, author of "Bridle-Ways Through History," came with her elder son, the HON. HENRY BATHURST

LORD STAVORDALE, *here seen with* MRS. PHILIP DUNNE, *won the prize for two-year-olds, with his Orthodox.*

COUNTESS FORTESCUE, MR. JAMES BAIRD, *and* the HON. MRS. JAMES BAIRD *attended the Show. Mrs. Baird is the youngest sister of Viscount Harcourt.*

Left: MR. J. MASSARELLA *still out of the saddle as Silver Mint lands after taking the high jump.*

Right: LADY WRIGHT *(formerly Miss Bullows) competed in the jumping, on her Red Squirrel.*

GARY COOPER AS THE DAREDEVIL

"SOULS AT SEA," *the Paramount picture at the Plaza, is described as a "mighty maritime saga." This is "The Blackbird," a slave ship of the mid-nineteenth century.*

"Nuggin" Taylor (GARY COOPER) *and "Powdah"* (GEORGE RAFT), *having allowed the slave ship to be captured by a British cruiser, are in danger. Tarryton* (HENRY WILCOXON; *right*) *is in league with the slave syndicate and tries to persuade Captain Martisel* (GILBERT EMERY) *to throw the prisoners overboard.*

The "William Brown" is sailing to America. "Nuggin" Taylor and "Powdah" are aboard on a secret mission to Savannah to get evidence to break up the slave syndicate.

"Nuggin" Taylor is tried in Philadelphia for having thrown overboard some of the passengers in the overcrowded longboat, in order that the others might be saved. The verdict is "manslaughter."

HERO OF "SOULS AT SEA."

The packet "William Brown" is on fire. "Nuggin" Taylor (GARY COOPER) *rescues Margaret Tarryton* (FRANCES DEE) *with the greatest gallantry.*

The horrors of fire at sea are realistically represented in the wreck of the packet "William Brown."

Margaret Tarryton (FRANCES DEE) *clings to her rescuer, "Nuggin" Taylor* (GARY COOPER), *in the terrifying scenes of the wreck of the "William Brown." The film is based on a sensational 19th-century trial.*

"Nuggin" Taylor (GARY COOPER; *right) and "Powdah"* (GEORGE RAFT) *are put in irons after being captured by a British warship.*

The captain of the "William Brown" (HARRY CAREY; *left) is entertaining some passengers. "Nuggin" Taylor* (GARY COOPER) *is in love with Margaret* (FRANCES DEE) *and "Powdah"* (GEORGE RAFT) *with Babsie* (OLYMPE BRADNA).

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS," Mr. J. B. Priestley's new play, is a little about Time and a great deal about the Conways. That is a wise division. For, whether we agree or not with notions of a fourth-dimensional space-time continuum and whether we believe that the Future has already happened and that we in dreams behold what will occur because it already has occurred, one thing is certain in the theatre: ideas must have human vehicles, and it is the humanity of them which will, or will not, bring people to the play. The Conways belong to a provincial manufacturing town. Father is dead, but he has left money. Shares and houses were precious in 1919, when the Conways are first met against the background of Time. Those were the days. Everybody was going to have a good time, plenty of money, and a square deal. There were two Conway boys and four girls. What careers they were all going to have, especially the lad just out of the Air Force; dear little Carol, least in age but liveliest of spirit; the serious girl, who had done so well at Girton, and the other, rather dark, mystical daughter, who was going to put her visions into mighty novels.

By a forward (or fourth-dimensional) glimpse we see them all again. Time is now 1937. There have been some successes in the family, but rather more failures. The family funds have dwindled. Life has not been so kind to the Conways and the Conways are not very kind to each other. Life—and families—are like that.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS," *at the Duchess Theatre. Kay* (JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON) *as she appears in Act 1, set in the happy, prosperous days of 1919. She is going to be a great novelist.*

And here is Kay (JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON) *in 1937. Things haven't turned out as planned, for, instead of the great novels, she writes interviews with screen stars arriving at Southampton.*

Alan (RAYMOND HUNTLEY) *is here trying to convince the slightly embittered Kay* (JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON) *that it's quite all right being forty and a failure. The Conways have by now got to 1937, and it's the second Act of "Time and the Conways."*

Brilliant, then, in its realistic grouping of boisterous youth in 1919 and of self-questioning middle age in 1937, it is brilliant also in its performance by a team which adds to Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson's dark lustre the varied excellence of some less known but very talented people: Miss Molly Rankin, Miss Eileen Erskine, Miss Barbara Everest, Mr. Raymond Huntley, Mr. Mervyn Johns, and others. The play should be seen, first of all, for its humanity. Then it may be discussed, till Time runs out, for the theories of Time which it gently introduces. Gently, I say: for this is a play about people, not a tract about a theory. There is no need to be frightened that Mr. Priestley is going to read you a lesson in philosophy. He is taking you into the kind of home which is the real England and not the England you commonly see upon the stage. If you like that kind of truth, free of false glamour and therefore sombre as facts are sombre, here is your very play.

The bit of England most frequently visible in theatres is, I suppose, Scotland Yard. If Mr. Gordon Harker is there to show us round, so much the better. If not, let Mr. Arthur Sinclair be that Sergeant Sullivan who holds the office of clown-constable which is so important in crook plays to-day. He provides, with characteristic snap, the light relief at the Lyceum, where "WANTED FOR MURDER," by Messrs. Percy Robinson and Terence de Marney, introduces a sadistic strangler of such young London ladies as like to go roaming in the gloaming. Later on, of course, it shows the tight grasp of the law closing on that nasty throat. There are no secrets. You know from the start who is the guilty creature; you know that his abominable form of self-indulgence is accompanied by the colossal vanity which trips up even the most sure-footed criminal in the end, and you know that he will be caught at last. For how could the Lyceum let a murderer go? But the play manages not to become a bore. There is more psychology than melodrama used to admit and rather less of the grandiose spectacle, but you can feast your eyes on the Chamber of Horrors and a busy summer evening in Hyde Park. Acting to fit the crime comes vividly from Mr. Terence de Marney, while Miss Louise Hampton grandly sobs her heart out as his mother and Mr. Austin Trevor is at once suave and steely and most entertaining as the detective on the job.

The Old Vic company, by giving a foretaste of their London programme, provided the matter of the Buxton Summer Festival. Three dramatists now accepted as classics were represented: Ibsen and Shaw as well as Shakespeare. A start was made with Shaw. Miss Diana Wynyard appeared as Eliza Doolittle in "PYGMALION," and easily made us understand why Professor Higgins lost his academic detachment when he set out to make a lady of her by curing her Cockney accent. She gave an extremely entertaining and decorative rendering of this famous part, and she had a first-rate ally in Mr. Robert Morley, who made his name as Oscar Wilde at the Gate Theatre and Dumas, senior, at the New, and now shows that he has just the right volubility for that most voluble of authors, Mr. Shaw. His was a rich and robust piece of acting.

The second piece played was Ibsen's "GHOSTS," which you may call a queer choice for a Festival at a spa, but which certainly offers two grand acting parts. These were played by Mr. Emlyn Williams — an alternative title for "Ghosts" might be "Night Must Fall," Mr. Williams's recent success—and by Miss Marie Ney. Mrs. Alving has been a favourite rôle with all the great emotional actresses of the last fifty years, and Miss Ney's particular blend of strength and poignancy was well suited and beautifully expressed.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE screen adaptation of Mary Borden's novel, "ACTION FOR SLANDER" (London Pavilion), has an exceptionally distinguished cast, headed by Clive Brook, who thus makes a welcome return to British pictures. The story is not essentially cinematic, but Tim Whelan's skilful direction, and its variety of setting create an impression of movement; and it is extremely well acted. Clive Brook, as the unfortunate Major Daviot, who is falsely accused of cheating at cards, first by a half-intoxicated guest at a house-party, and then by the husband of the woman with whom he is infatuated, strikes a note of effective restraint in a portrayal whose strength lies in its quietness. Of the two feminine "leads," Ann Todd has the more sympathetic part as Daviot's wife, who, tired of being merely a "background," leaves him on the day of the ill-omened house-party. For to Margaretta Scott falls the task of trying to dissuade him from taking action against his slanderers, in order to safeguard her own position. But the story leaks out. Ostracised by his friends, Daviot hides himself in a Bayswater lodging-house. It is here that his wife discovers him, revolver in hand, and at last persuades him to take the matter into court, where his innocence is proved by the reconstruction of the actual game of poker, and the proceedings pointed and enlivened by Morton Selten's "portrait of a judge," and Francis Sullivan's humorous and forceful performance as counsel for the plaintiff.

When Eduardo Ciannelli, the ruthless killer of that memorable picture "Winterset," invades a night-club at the head of his formidable bodyguard in the Regal's new film, "MARKED WOMAN," it is at once obvious that the grim-lipped gangster has not only bought the place, but its staff and hostesses as well, body and soul. His first glance threatens a "ride" and the river for any rebellious spirit. Nor do the weary, cynical girls attempt to fight the man under whose menace they live and work, until the schoolgirl sister of Mary, the "star" hostess, is drawn into the vortex, to meet with a violent death. Then, at last, Mary and her colleagues come to the aid of justice, despite their well-founded fears of reprisals. It is not a pretty story, this drama of New York night-life with the "lid off." It is hard, at times brutal, but it is well knit and vividly suggests the terrorising influence of the all-powerful gangster chief. A couple of convincingly staged court scenes add to the interest of a piece whose harsh outlines are not softened by romance, though Humphrey Bogart, for once on the side of the law as a decided District Attorney, indicates his sympathy for the maltreated Mary before she, with her friends, drifts off into the fog in a logical conclusion. Bette Davis, alert, sophisticated, and fine-drawn, carries the burden of the play on her shoulders in an admirable study of the defiant night-club hostess.

Carol (EILEEN ERSKINE), *the vital, life-loving, youngest Conway, is talking about the future to Kay* (JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON). *Those in the auditorium have seen the future (in the second Act), while the girls don't know what it's going to be, for the third Act goes back to 1919.*

Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie, famous American columnist and dance-band leader respectively, both appear in person in "WAKE UP AND LIVE" (Gaumont-Haymarket), an elaborate "musical," in which the well-known newspaper and radio feud between the two men is ingeniously used to provide much of its wise-cracking comedy. The story proper is concerned with the adventures of a young vaudeville singer, Jack Haley, who arrives in New York with the intention of making a name for himself "on the air." His introduction to the microphone, however, results in so bad an attack of "mike fright" that he collapses, and has henceforth to be content with a job as uniformed guide at the radio headquarters. Disappointed at his failure, he determines, with the competent help of Alice Faye, to conquer his inhibition, and begins rehearsing before a supposedly "dead" microphone. The result is one of hilarious complications and a spirited battle of words between Messrs. Winchell and Bernie. For, needless to say, the microphone in question is very much alive. Jack Haley has a keen sense of humour and sings effectively as the "Phantom Troubadour." Walter Winchell, in what is presumably his first appearance before a camera, plays himself with the ease and assurance of an experienced actor; while Ned Sparks, Patsy Kelly, and Walter Catlett contribute their quota of characteristic comedy with tremendous zest.

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY, *author of "Time and the Conways," views the world with a happy smile—and no wonder, when he has two more plays coming on—"I Have Been Here Before," due at the Royalty on September 21; and "I am a Stranger Here," to be produced at Bradford on or about September 27.*

An actual drama of the sea that made maritime history when, in April 1841, the *William Brown* foundered in mid-Atlantic, provides the thrilling climax of "SOULS AT SEA," Paramount's new picture at the Plaza. Presented with an overwhelming and gripping realism, the episode shows the hero, "Nuggin" Taylor, relentlessly clearing an overcrowded boat of some of its occupants in order to save at least a score of passengers. Walter Hathaway, who directed "Bengal Lancer," proves once again in this rousing tale of the sea his unerring sense of the cinematic medium and keeps a firm hold on the reins of a story packed with action, touched with humour, romantic, adventurous and exciting. Opening with Taylor's trial for murder on the high seas, at which his record as a slave-trader weighs heavily against him, the play reveals, in a prolonged "flash-back," the underlying motive of his undoubted presence on several notorious vessels. Taylor, it is soon apparent, has a mission and is determined to fulfil it. The character is well established, and Gary Cooper is ideally cast as the man of action and of ideals, something of a dreamer and a poet, despite his shrewd head and hard fist. His shipmate and loyal friend is of coarser fibre, but capable of appreciating his pal and of final heroism. George Raft handles the part with assurance and a sympathetic touch; whilst Frances Dee gracefully introduces the feminine interest.

In 1937 Ernest Beevers (MERVYN JOHNS) *has become rich, and his bank balance gives him the confidence to tell Mrs. Conway* (BARBARA EVEREST) *what he really thinks of his wife's family. His wife, Hazel* (ROSEMARY SCOTT), *listens meekly.*

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page IV.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MARTIN, PERKS, HOWARTH *and* JACKSON, *of Worcestershire (l. to r.)*—FOR GIVING WORCESTERSHIRE A RELISH BY TAKING 100 WICKETS EACH THIS SEASON.

THE DIVER—FOR MAKING A REAL HOLE IN THE WATER!

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL—FOR PROVING THAT A "BLUEBIRD" CAN COVER THE WATER QUICKER THAN A "GREY WOLF."

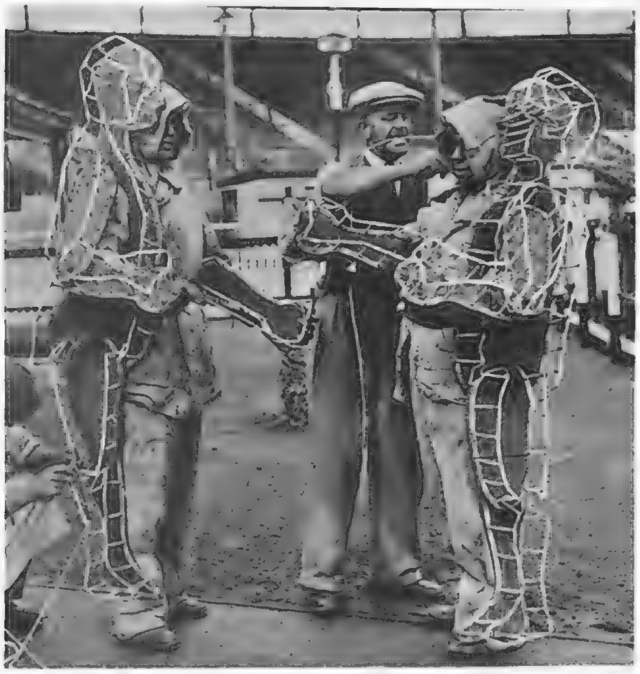
EVERYONE knows about Worcester sauce, but cricketers have been introduced to a new sort of Worcestershire relish of late—handed out by MARTIN, PERKS, HOWARTH and JACKSON, who have taken 100 wickets each this season.

THIS astonishing photograph of a DIVER MAKING A NEAT, ROUND HOLE IN THE WATER OF A SWIMMING-POOL was taken on board the M/V. *Derbyshire*, a Bibby liner, on her way from Rangoon to Liverpool.

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S attack on the speed-boat record set up by Gar Wood (who is known by his nickname of "Grey Wolf") was triumphantly successful. On his final attempt on his single-engined "Bluebird," on Lake Maggiore, he returned an average speed of 129·5 m.p.h. for two runs over the measured mile. This feat, which is 3·18 m.p.h. better than his previous day's run, beats Gar Wood's old record by 4·64 m.p.h.

THE secret of how the Boxing Display at Brock's White City Firework Show was managed is revealed in our photograph. The BOXERS WORE ASBESTOS SUITS, studded with fireworks, which weighed as much as a soldier's kit and, as the men staged their fight, the fireworks were touched off. It looks very light work, but calls for endurance.

MISS JANE RING, wearing an apron over her swimming suit, won the FIRST TROUT-FRYING CHAMPIONSHIP ever held at an Oregon lake. The jury consisted of anglers who know just how a well-cooked trout should look and taste. The cook looked all right, too.



THESE FIERY BOXERS—FOR SHOWING HOW TO MAKE LIGHT OF A PRIZE-FIGHT.

MISS JANE RING—FOR MAKING RINGS ROUND HER RIVAL TROUT-FRYERS AND WINNING A FIRST.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFREDO VALENTE.

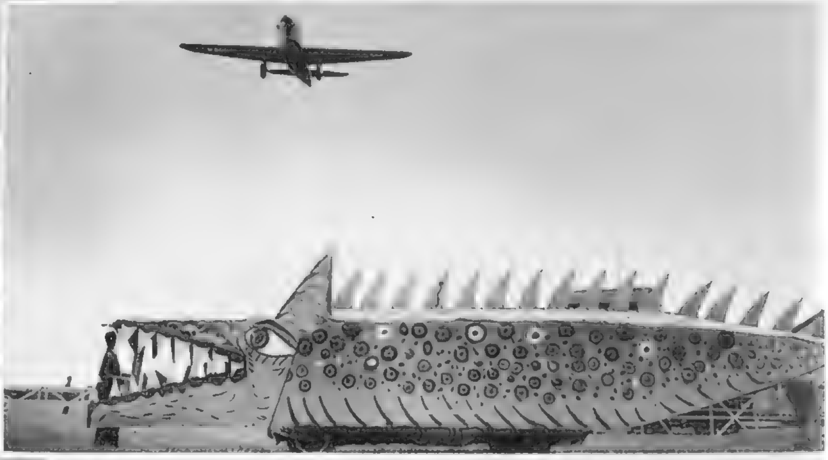
MRS. JOHN EMORY — FORMERLY TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

The marriage of MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD, *the American actress and favourite of the London stage, to Mr. John Emory, an American actor who was seen in "Parnell," took place at Jasper, Alabama, last week. The ceremony was held during the night in the home of the bride's father, Mr. William Brockman Bankhead, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who gave her away. After a week's honeymoon in a cottage at Connecticut, Miss Bankhead will begin rehearsals for "Anthony and Cleopatra," in which she is to appear in New York in the autumn.*

AIR - MINDED STARS AT LYMPNE.

After the Air Rally, MR. ROBERT BOOTHBY, M.P., *entertained a party at his charming old house near Lympne. The group admiring the view includes* Mr. Noel Coward, Miss Ruth Chatterton, *and other celebrities.*

FRAU MIMI MENDL, *wife of one of the visiting pilots who attended the International Air Rally organised by the Cinque Ports Flying Club at Lympne, is posed beside her husband's 'plane, looking as if she herself were about to fly away!*



The "UMAWALLA-PILLER," a strange-looking "animal," took part in the Rally and provided visiting pilots with a surprise on their arrival.

Left: MRS. GLADYS CALTHROP, MISS RUTH CHATTERTON, MR. NOEL COWARD, MISS BEATRICE LILLIE *(Lady Peel), and* MISS JOYCE CAREY *(l. to r.) attended the Rally; and Mr. Noel Coward presented the trophy to Herr Clausen, who won the Wakefield Cup in his Klemm monoplane.*

Right: MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS, *the actress and radio star, who is well known to all listeners as "Mrs. Feather," took part as a pilot in her first air race.*

finished
your papers—
finished
your book—
the hours
drag
slowly by . . .

have you ever realised
at
such
a time
that
a
cigarette . . .

will help
enormously
to relieve
the
monotony
of what seems
an
endless
journey ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

TO face with confidence those few weeks that come when summer is fading and autumn is barely here requires forethought. Here are some small things that you can safely buy, knowing that they will have a long and useful life and that they will add sparkle to carry-over suits and frocks.

While you are making up your mind about your new autumn suit go out straight away and get the brightest tartan blouse or waistcoat you can find. See that it has a very high neck and a neatly tailored front, and wear it with any of your town suits. Add a Scotch bonnet, rising steeply at the front or the side front, wear it with a dashing air, and you will be right in the front of the fashion picture.

With your tweeds wear a matching jumper. Not, as last year, a two-toned contrast, but, if possible, a jumper knitted in exactly the same mixture as the tweed itself. Pouch it slightly across the waist if you wear it outside (many of the new jumpers *are* worn this way), and add a bright belt round the top of the skirt if the jumper is tucked in. Bright belts, reasonably narrow and plain, are worn with all skirts this season. Buckles are inconspicuous.

Don't forget that pockets have gone all ornamental. They can have embroidered flaps, or if they are of the slit variety they can be piped with bright colour. Revers, too, are high and not very large, but often they contrast in colour with the rest of the suit, and frequently they are of velvet.

The shoulder-strapped evening dress and the halter neckline are first favourites at night. Take a large bunch of long-stemmed flowers and pin them in the centre of the corsage, with the stalks hanging loose at the waist.

DON'T believe it if you are told that evening head-dresses are dead. Instead, rush out and get a large circular veil, perferably of net, and make a topknot of twisted velvet ribbons and tiny birds or deep red roses. Chanel uses hair-ribbons—yes, just ordinary hair-ribbons—tied round the head under the hair at the back, with a rather large double bow high at the front. And in some extraordinary way they look very fresh and gay on the young, and extraordinarily dignified on the sophisticated. She does them most often in black, but sometimes in bright taffetas ribbon.

Finally, if you have an evening tailleur, tuck a little sequined bib into the front of the neck, or face the lapels with bright gold lamé and embroider them with circus spangles.

To give a swing to your dinner-dress—for all evening skirts have some movement, often introduced by loose draperies—tie a wide sash of tulle banded with sequins round your waist, and knot it casually on the left hip, with the wide ends hanging to the hem.

And to bring a lace dress into line with the fashions of to-morrow, let it be ground-length, but make the foundation very slender and let it barely reach the ankles. Add a knot of vivid ribbon at the neck and waist to give it life and to match your shoes.

ONE thing that can change your whole outlook more quickly than any other is the use of a new perfume. You are conscious of it yourself, and consequently you react to it. Your friends notice it, and that in itself is a stimulation.

There is an excitement and a subtlety about Parfum Irfé that makes it unforgettable. Never overpowering, it yet lasts for an extraordinarily long time without losing any of its freshness and vitality. It is said that the original formula was brought back by the Crusaders. Prince Youssoupoff found it in a very old book, but it was then made to be used in powder form, and he at once began experimenting to bring it into line with modern taste. In this he has most triumphantly succeeded.

Parfum Irfé cannot even be considered expensive, for one needs to use so little of it, and its fragrance is so lasting, that it remains a constant and luxurious delight.

NEW WAYS OF BRIGHTENING BETWEEN-SEASON CLOTHES.

JOHN EVERARD.

The exquisite beauty of Courtauld's satin inspired Dilkousha to make this evening frock, shown in triplicate. Patterned with black flowers on a honey-coloured ground, it has a most graceful neckline, high at the back, with a slit to the waist at each side of the centre panel, and a slightly softened waistline. The train, set in low, is cut with two points.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

FRANKLY, I am in a puzzle about Sir Hugh Walpole's new novel; it may be a great deal better than I think. The whole question is: "How would it impress a reader who knew nothing about Hans Andersen?"—and that I can't tell.

It is the supposed biography of John Cornelius, an English writer of fairy-tales, by his friend H. W. The biographical pretence is elaborately sustained, but, at the same time, Cornelius is transparently Hans Andersen from the very first: Sir Hugh makes no bones about it. Indeed, he goes the length of providing his "friend" with a Danish ancestor. But even if he had not told us beforehand what to expect, there would be no problem; the hero's origins, his parents, his looks, his character, his literary achievements, many of his acquaintances and adventures, seem taken almost straight out of life. And the result is that they never quite manage to exist on their own account; the reader (if he knows anything about Hans Andersen, as I say) has all the time one eye on the book and one on the model. And very soon he begins to ask himself: "What 's the *point* of this? Why not read a life of Andersen and be done with it?" "John Cornelius" might—no doubt would—have considerable charm and interest if one could only approach it with a fresh mind; but even then it wouldn't be nearly as fascinating as Signe Toksvig's biography. For the plain facts, in this case, are such an exquisite blend of the touching and the laughable that you can't improve on them.

MRS. IAN CAMPBELL *is the wife of Mr. Ian Douglas Campbell, grandson of the late Lord Walter Campbell and heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Argyll. She has just had a baby son; so there is now a second heir to the title. Mrs. Campbell is American by birth, a daughter of Mr. Henry Clews, of the Château de la Napoule, A.M., France.*

Andersen in London.

Sir Hugh's adaptation becomes much freer in the second half of the book: when Cornelius goes through the war, and an unfortunate marriage, and is cut off (unlike Andersen) in his prime. I can't help feeling that it was a confession of weakness to get rid of him so abruptly. And there is something wooden about the two devoted friends, Anne and Charlie, who support him through life in a manner more decorative than useful, rather like the lion and the unicorn on a coat of arms. Still, the author was right to take more elbow-room at this stage; it improves his novel, though at the cost of some sentimentalising.

With the hero's descent on literary London, a new game begins: a number of contemporary writers are introduced in disguise, and we are invited to spot them. Since, as a rule, they play no part, but are simply mentioned, the clues have to be fairly primitive. It is no very hard matter to identify Owen Roughwood, who has written a story about Martians called "The World Invaded," and to whom a disgruntled rival refers as "shop-boy"; or Christopher Falling, whose "Bodsworth family" people have begun to get tired of—but is it worth it? As Mr. Aldous Huxley once remarked, some simple pleasures are really too simple.

In short, Sir Hugh has plainly had a lot of fun out of "John Cornelius" (I suspect he has even had the fun of putting himself in twice); but though the result is very harmless and genial, it does strike one as a trifle Fourth Form. Of course, there are good things: Johnny's horrible school, for example, and some sketches of London; and the whole book is eminently readable—trust Sir Hugh for that. His gusto and fluency never fail. But I hope that next time he will revert to a more grown-up line of country.

Life in a Love.

"The Faithful Compass" is exactly what one would hope but not expect to get from a lending library, if one went in and demanded "an ordinary novel" or "a nice book." I mean that it is a love-story pure and simple—the most difficult kind of all to do really well; and it *is* well done, with great distinction as well as charm. The theme, obviously, is constancy. At sixteen, Marianne Templeman gives her heart away for life—to a romantic but most unpromising object. The cruel thing is that he *ought* not to be unpromising; for he is the local squire, and she herself the prettiest and most attractive girl in the district. "Absurd that it should be so hard to marry your perfectly eligible next-door neighbour!" But when the neighbour is scarcely ever at home? Hilary Musgrave spends his life chasing exotic beauties; his visits to Cumberland are short and far between, and when he *is* there, neither Marianne's passion nor her eligibility ever dawns on him. And she, being an "earl's granddaughter, old style," a belated Victorian, can do nothing; she sits like Patience on a monument, smiling very prettily, killing time as best she can, eating her heart out in strict secrecy year by year, and determined not to give up. Hilary or no one. Meanwhile the neighbourhood's only other eligible is eating his heart out for her in just the same way. Good little Rodney can't marry till his impossible father dies, and he doesn't think it fair to commit Marianne to a long engagement; but he has hope, for evidently she likes his company. How should he guess the real reason—that it is always something to fill the time?

This may seem a thin plot, but to say what happens would be almost as bad as giving away the solution of a detective novel.

[*Continued overleaf.*

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I.P.S.

Continued.]
The author's verdict, however, is unfavourable to constancy, that supposed virtue; "It makes you narrow-minded . . . and ruthless . . . and perhaps a bit of a joke." Yet, all the same, it is in the grand style; what would Marianne, that "pretty bit of nothing," have been without it? We feel more sympathy with her than with Rodney (which is immoral), because it 's hard to understand why Rodney was so enslaved, whereas Marianne's charmer is a charmer, and no mistake. If any feminine reader can resist the gay, lackadaisical, unsuspecting Hilary, I shall be surprised. Miss Wallace hasn't been able to.

The Cumberland background, with its farming and hunting scenes, is extremely good, and quite free from that vice of semi-detachment which is apt to beset local colour. But the novel has one bad structural flaw: it falls apart in the middle. Half-way through, Marianne goes off to kill a few years by globe-trotting, and her place is taken by Viola, a newcomer to the district, with whom Rodney seeks consolation: this in itself is all right, and necessary, but we have almost forgotten the real heroine before she comes back. And then Viola, it seems to me, is rather a failure. There had to be a second string for Rodney, and a contrast to Marianne; but need this contrast (whom we are intended to like) have been quite such an understanding, hygienic female? Obdurate constancy may be open to some objections; but, on the other hand, love without a dash of unreason is a very soft drink.

LORD ROTHSCHILD, *third holder of the title, is here seen with* LADY ROTHSCHILD. *He was Mr. Nathaniel Mayer Victor Rothschild, and succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle, the second Lord Rothschild, the other day. Lady Rothschild was Miss Barbara Hutchinson, and is the daughter of Mr. St. John Hutchinson, K.C. It will be remembered that the sale of the contents of the Rothschilds' house in Piccadilly was one of the most discussed auctions of the Coronation season.*

Family Portrait. Mr. Giles Playfair begins his autobiography by apologising for having written one—at the age of twenty-six, and with no claim to distinction of any kind. His excuse is that he wanted to write something about his father. Certainly, his portrait of Sir Nigel Playfair would be enough to justify any book. Can you imagine Mr. Micawber in a higher walk of life, and with a strong infusion of responsibility—a solvent, Scottish Micawber? That is how I should describe Sir Nigel as he appears in "My Father's Son." The canny streak, the underlying Puritanism, the rather inhuman trick of banter are very Scottish; but the abrupt transitions from Alnaschar-like optimism to the lowest depths of disillusionment, and, even more, the romantic zest for every conceivable situation—hiking, invalidism, travel by barge, residence in Welwyn Garden City, no matter what—the determination to do full justice to each, and get the last ounce out of it, these things are Mr. Micawber at his sublimest. And Mr. Playfair's attitude is just right—very warm and sympathetic, but conscious of all the fun. He admits frankly that Sir Nigel was in some respects a trying parent: how trying, and also how delightful, it is easy to understand. Take, for instance, this characteristic scene from a walk in Germany—

Sir Nigel on the Road. When we arrived, on foot, at the large German town of Trier, my father announced that he intended to put his most ambitious plan of the tour into operation. We would go to the local theatre, but afterwards we would not stay at an hotel. Instead, we would walk on three miles in the direction of Luxembourg and find a suitable spot to spend the night under the stars. . . .

He had not, of course, made the faintest attempt to inquire the nature of the country between Trier and the Luxembourg frontier. It was a particularly dark night, and we could only just distinguish a long, wide, straight road which seemingly stretched for miles in front of us. After we had tramped along it for an hour, we began to weary of the search for the romantic and picturesque resting-place which we had envisaged. *Faute de mieux* we climbed over a fence into a perfectly prosaic field and lay down under the protection of what was apparently a tree.

We were not there long. In spite of my father's repeated protestations that he was more comfortable than he had ever been in a bed, the complaints of John and myself as to the hardness of the ground were so vigorous that he eventually yielded to our demands for an investigation. He discovered that we had been lying full length on a railway line. . . .

By this time it was late and we were too tired to look much further. We all agreed that there was only one sensible thing to be done—to cross the road and settle down in the ditch immediately opposite. . . . And so, amidst broken bottles, stinging-nettles and old tin cans, we prepared for slumber.

Even in these distressing circumstances my father resolutely refused to abandon his optimism. He said that, as ditches went, it was a very attractive ditch, and he saw no reason why, if Giles would only stop complaining, he should not pass a peaceful night.

But "My Father's Son" is not only, or even mostly, about Sir Nigel; and though he is the best thing in it, even without him it would need no apology. Every man's childhood and youth are worth reading about, if they are sincerely described, and Mr. Playfair has intelligence and humour into the bargain. Only the Oxford part has certain *longueurs*; the author is still too near it. He was a figure at Oxford, and though he has got over the circumstance, he has not yet quite got over having got over it; his account of life in this "children's playground" is supercilious, but too elaborately precise. But elsewhere we are well entertained.

[*Continued on page* IV.

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH *(Adèle Astaire), sister of Fred Astaire and daughter-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire, is now making a film in which she stars with Maurice Chevalier and Jack Buchanan.* RENÉ CLAIR, *who is directing, is seen discussing the script with her at Pinewood Studios, and some extra players are grouped in the background. Note that the chair bears Miss Astaire's name.*

GO SOUTH this year

"The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality and, instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are."—*Johnson.*

WHY not follow Dr. Johnson's precept this year? Break away from the conventional: adventure forth to visit new scenes, to see things as they are.

The fascination of bringing into the orbit of reality place names and scenes so vividly described in Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines": the thrill of following in the footsteps of Livingstone and other famous explorers—these are memories that endure.

Africa presents a variety of new experiences to her guests. At one end of the scale there are the Greatest River Wonder and the largest Wild Life Sanctuary in existence; at the other, modern cities and delightful health resorts where the tempo of life is planned for rest, recuperation and amusement. Over all the sun spreads his genial influence, brightening each and every day throughout the year with eight or nine hours of glorious sunshine.

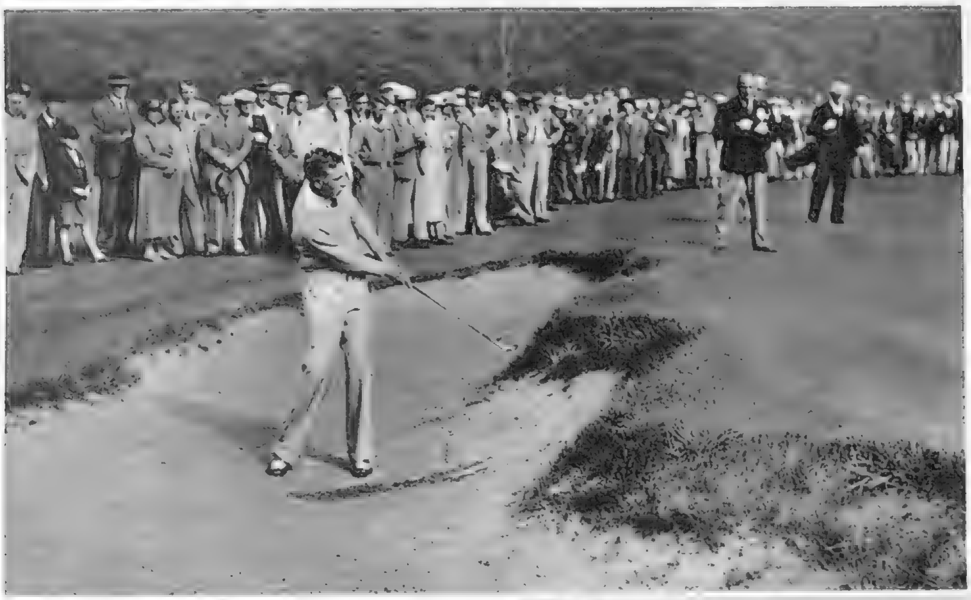
Full information and descriptive brochures about this Dominion can be obtained from the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2, or the principal Tourist Agencies.

SOUTH AFRICA

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

It is not unusual for golf-course records to be broken at this time of the year. Everything is propitious for such feats, even the weather conspiring to minimise the difficulties of the links, which lose much of their terror for even the handicap golfer; in fact, the game of golf in August and September is, comparatively speaking, simple. Even so, there must be a limit to human achievement on the links. It seemed to me that the first-class player had almost reached that limit when, at most of the tournaments this season, record scores were returned, sometimes in weather that has been anything but helpful to the players. But the recent professional tournament on the East Brighton course has dispelled the idea; in fact, it makes one think that anything is possible. Ernest Whitcombe, the eldest of three famous golfing brothers, won the first prize in this £1000 tournament, from a powerful field, with the amazing aggregate of 268 for 72 holes. East Brighton is not a really difficult course, but it is 6400 yards in length, built on rolling downland, and has been allocated a standard scratch score of 74. The scratch score is supposed to represent the score of a scratch amateur player, but, if that is so, Whitcombe would have to be rated at plus 7 to give the amateur a chance, since his score for four consecutive rounds averaged 67! But even this was eclipsed in one meteoric flash by Sam King, the assistant professional at Knole Park, Sevenoaks, who went round in 63; while almost every player in the field broke 70 at some time during the tournament. It was the greatest spate of low scoring there has ever been; in fact, the leading sixteen competitors had scores of better than an average of 70 per round; and King, who finished second, was only two strokes more than the winner with 270 for 72 holes.



IAN M. ROBERTS *(Murrayfield), aged sixteen, won the Boys' Golf Championship at Bruntsfield Links, Davidson's Mains, Edinburgh, defeating J. L. Stewart (Auchendinny), aged 14½, by 8 and 7 in the thirty-six-holes final.*

The Reason Why. I have been asked on several occasions if I can give the reason for such remarkably low scoring. To some extent I can. East Brighton is naturally a holiday-makers' course; it was constructed for visitors to that popular resort, and not all holiday-makers are good golfers; in fact, with due humility, I submit that those of us whose enthusiasm and ambition excel our skill really do prefer to play over a course that rather flatters our golf. At this time of the year, East Brighton is an ideal playground for such people. During the professional event the chalky downland was rather sun-baked, so that distance was almost eliminated; in fact, there is one hole of nearly 600 yards on this course which several of the players reached with two shots. But so that the putting-greens should not be burned up during the drought and heat-wave, they had been watered day and night for weeks, with the result that anybody with a modicum of skill could pitch the ball on to them and stop it there; while they were so true that a fairly struck putt would go nowhere but into the hole. In such conditions golf is a simple game for the expert, and a less tantalising pastime for the not so skilful. There are carries over the rolling downs which look terrifying, but then, there are also fairways which run downhill, so that we are not always punished for our half-topped shots. Moreover, the committee of East Brighton wisely decided to cut the rough—no holiday-making golfer enjoys searching for the ball in the hay—and therefore the professionals were presented with a magnificent opportunity to "knock the cover off the ball."

Remarkable Scores. But even admitting the course played short and played easy, the scores were amazing, and appear to prove that first-class golf has reached almost unprecedented perfection. When I say "almost," I have to recall that even better scores than King's remarkable 63 and Whitcombe's 268 have been returned. As long ago as 1913, George Duncan had a round of 56, when he won the championship of Lucerne with an aggregate of 263. Not having seen these authentic achievements, and never having seen Axenfels course, where they were accomplished, I am unable to estimate the value of these scores. But only five years ago Abe Mitchell won a tournament on the Long Ashton course at Bristol, where the bogey was 74, with 271, his best round being 65. What is claimed as a "world championship record" was accomplished by Percy Alliss, who won the Italian Open Championship at San Remo two years ago. He had an aggregate for 72 holes of 262. But Alliss is a notorious destroyer of records. He won the Penfold tournament at Royal Porthcawl five years ago with an aggregate of 278, and broke the record of this wind-swept course, measuring over 6600 yards, with a round of 65. But there are far more readers who will appreciate his achievement in conquering the King's Course at Gleneagles in 66. That was two years ago, when Alliss won the Scottish Open with an aggregate of 273 on this course. It serves little purpose, neither is it desirable to offer comparisons. The fact remains that some of the finest play ever seen was produced during the Brighton tournament, and in my view served to prove that the first-class player is showing wonderful skill, which before long the golf-course architect may be unable to defeat without resorting to freak construction. That is unlikely, however much a club committee may object to their course being made to look simple, because members play every day of the year and tournaments are rare occasions.

CAPTAIN J. R. STROYAN *and his daughter,* MISS SHEILA STROYAN, *who won the Fathers and Daughters Foursomes Knock-out Competition last year, competed at the contest at West Sussex Golf Club, Pulborough, last week. This practice photograph shows Captain J. R. Stroyan (handicap 2) giving his daughter, whose handicap is 3, a hint or two. Miss Stroyan is the captain of the Scottish team in the Girls' International Match for the Stroyan Cup organised by the "Bystander."*

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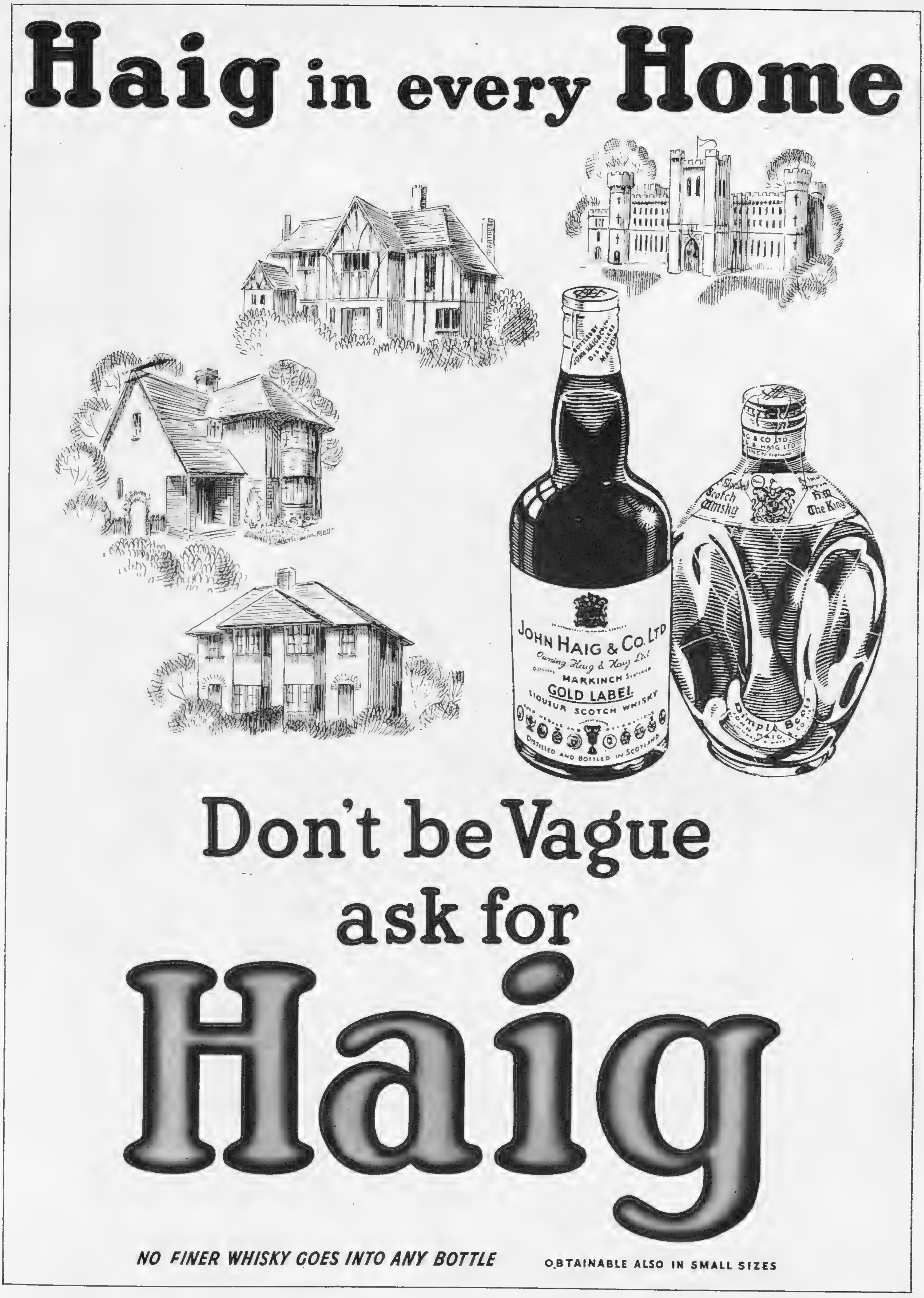
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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"INCOME TAX at a shilling in the pound, and no sur-tax."

"Matches, twopence a dozen boxes. Gold Flakes, threepence for ten."

"*The Sketch*, sixpence a week. Jove! we didn't know when we were well off, did we?"

"If only the nations of the world would drop this war business, we 'd go back to these prices, you know."

"It passes my wooden-headed comprehension why people can't settle down and be content to carry on with their jobs in peace. To budget for an expenditure of fifteen hundred pounds in five years——"

"Fifteen hundred million pounds, if it 's the British programme you mean."

"Yes; that 's it. Doesn't it strike you as being too fantastic for words? Think what it means——"

"Sorry, but I am not astronomical. It 's more money than I 've made in any five years of my misspent life."

"Think what we could do with it under peace conditions. Why, man alive, we should all be millionaires!"

"That might be a very bad thing for some of us."

"Speaking for myself—and you too?—I would take the risk."

"No, but when you come to think of it, isn't it almost inconceivable that civilised nations——"

"Such as which?"

"—should be making the most extravagant preparations for the most devilish war that 's ever been? And pouring out money like water on these preparations, at a time when capital never had so many chances of being usefully employed in peaceful directions."

"Excuse me, but do I look like a proper goose for your propaganda? And haven't these same war-preparations done more than a spot of good to certain companies in which you and I hold shares?"

"That has nothing to do with it. In the first place, the companies are doing extremely well out of their ordinary business—apart from war-work."

"Doubtful, but we 'll let that pass. What comes in the second place?"

"Why, if there were no fear of war, and therefore no need to spend millions on preparations, the trade of all the world would jump forward by leaps and bounds, and your companies would be even better off than they are now."

"Yes; I 'd better give you that one, I suppose. But, to start with, you must stop the civil war in Spain, and you must make Japan shake hands with China. Isn't that so?"

"You are coming to my point. I say, why can't nations leave off scrapping and preparing to scrap? I can't believe that anyone really wants to fight. After all, it 's only twenty years since the last war, and that was bad enough."

"What are we going to do about it? There 's no royal road to peace."

"You are sure about that? Supposing you regularised all the foreign exchanges."

"What have they to do with war?"

"Get your exchanges on to a basis that will enable every nation to trade with every other nation."

"Consider it done, Sir. What follows?"

"What follows? Just this. You become a customer of mine, and I of yours. We do good business together, to our mutual advantage. That being the case, is either of us likely to be such a fool as to go to war with the other?"

"According to your theory, international trade spells world-wide peace."

"I can't pretend to put it so poetically as you do, but that 's the underlying idea."

"The customer is always right, eh? But we are customers of one another, in your Utopia. Sometimes a customer will kick up a row."

"You think he would turn nasty to a customer of his own?"—— "Change Human Nature, and you stand a chance of removing the risk of war."

"I 'd like to remove the risk of a war ten times more hellish than the last."

"Then you must make yourself so strong that no one will dare attack you. And to do that is expensive."

"Your Stock Exchange markets don't give us much chance of recouping our expenses just now. No sooner do you get one nigger out of the hedge, but another little darkey pops up and hands out something else unpleasant to think about."

"Good markets to be a bear in."

"Not too good. You get stuffed with stock you don't want, but the shares you 're out of don't come in."

"Too many people are acting in the same thing, eh?"

"I think Southern Pacifics are very cheap, and I am a bull of them. But the price is as sticky as chewing-gum."

"And I bought Staveley Coal when that dividend came out the other day. I thought it was money for jam to have the shares. But they didn't go."

"How about Gestetners, then? Said I to myself, sez I, Gestetners are the stuff for breeches, so I bought a couple of hundred for my wife."

"O.S.?"—— "No, cum dividend. It 's sure to be a good one, and I reckon to sell the shares ex, at the same price that I gave for them cum."

"You mean just to present her with the dividend, eh? Why not do it for yourself? Or does it come to the same thing?"

"I put them down to her because she is more lucky as a rule than I am."

"You are more superstitious than fortunate?"—— "Neither. But I happened to be born at a time when they 'd run a bit short of luck. She came later, when they 'd had a fresh delivery."

"And you mean to tell us that if you buy a thing and put it down to your wife, the price is more likely to rise than if you 'd booked it to yourself? Well, I 'll be——"

"You need not be; not before your time, anyway. Other chaps do the same thing."

"In your case, you must always put your dealings down to The Missis."

"Not always. We partners charge the ladies half commission, and when you are out for a quick turn, that commission makes a difference."

"Your brokerage charges kill more business than Franco ever did."

"I quite agree with you. They are much too high. But we haven't any option, and if we don't stick to the scale, we 're for it with the Committee."

"Who 's going to tell the Committee? They need never know."

"In business, my boy, you often have some kind friend who watches your step pretty closely, whether you 're aware of it or not. And as we have to sign an annual declaration that we will obey the Stock Exchange Rules, we just keep them, see?"

"The stock department of one of the Big Five rang me up to say a client had been allotted one new share, and he would like to know the price. I told him it was nothing to threepence."—— "I can guess what the share was. Go ahead."

"The bank said their client had signed the renunciation across a penny stamp, and what would the commission be if he sold this one share at nothing?"

"That really happened?"

"It really happened. I couldn't invent a thing like that; now, could I?"

"No; that would be going beyond even your powers of imagination. But can those same powers tell me why brewery shares don't go better? The companies must be doing awfully well."

"What do the good brewery shares yield on an investment? Five per cent.?"

"Nearer four-and-a-half on the average. Some pay five and others pay more. The front-line shares yield from $4\frac{1}{4}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent."

"Will the dividends go up?"

"Some of them have already done so. As you say, this must have been a very successful year for them. Wish I had a few more shares of my own."

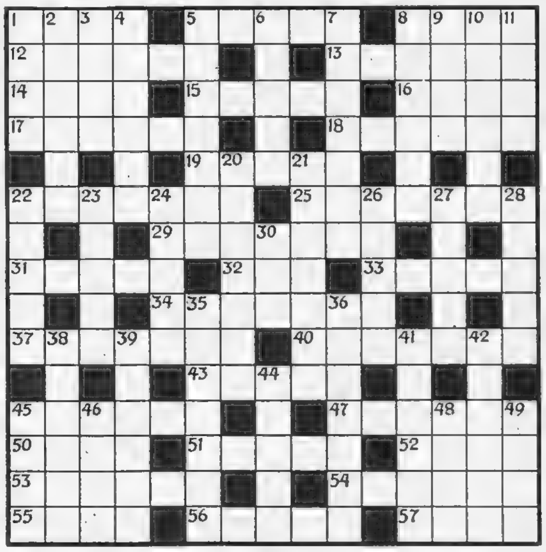
"What 's your fancy?"

"I like Watney deferred and Bass. Rather different types of business, of course, but both very sound."

"Radiolympia didn't help the wireless market to any great extent. It ought to have done, you know. There are some cheap shares there. It 's the nursery-rhyme market of the Stock Exchange. Listen. E. K. Cole was a merry old soul; I 'm cheap at the price, said he."—— "Encore!"

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, buying himself some Pye. . . . Yes, please; same again. And not all the soda."—*Friday, Sept. 3, 1937.*

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. In a measure this may be said to be an extension of the hand (4).
5. An indifferent philosopher, so to speak (5).
8. Got up but not painted (4).
12. Estimated at £243 15s. (6).
13. A rise in a Scottish loch, perhaps (6).
14. An anagram of No. 8 Across (4).
15. It lies in its throat, one might say (5).
16. A colourful poet (4).
17. This amounts to being stuck up (6).
18. Fashionable animals (6).
19. There is an indication of hastiness in these profundities (5).
22. It is left when you go from the party (7).
25. This may be taken as fixed (7).
29. Could it be the house that Ted built? (7).
31. One might regard with a pang this idolator (5).
32. An agitating sort of follower (3).
33. On the present occasion it might stand just for once (5).
34. Transfixed (7).
37. A harsh word to use, perhaps (7).
40. An attempt should be made to get this (7).
43. Habitual frequenters (5).
45. One dip is enough for this, it might be thought (6).
47. Careful now! It may be you will catch something (6).
50. To be taken for one is no joke in America (4).
51. Ill-considered words often have to be (5).
52. When these creatures become attached to mother, ill feeling naturally results (4).
53. An idiot confined in a secret institution (6).
54. Would they be suitable boxes for a heavy-weight boxer? (6).
55. Are they permanent waves, or not? (4).
56. Here one finds one can always give direction in a precise way (5).
57. What is left? (4).

DOWN.

1. An arresting word found in every cablegram (4).
2. Father's part amounts to a promise (6).
3. Drinks are on sale here (4).
4. To lie like—shall we say?—a bird (4).
5. "D——d Duets" (anag.; 7).
6. It might be described as a seedy sort of egg (5).
7. The female of the species predominates in such a race (7).
8. *Hoi polloi* was the Greek word for it (6).
9. One letter of it represents the whole (4).
10. All quiet on the South front (6).
11. How No. 1 Down affects the written statement (4).
20. Pleases; though it does sound as if a fellow were uttering a reproof (6).
21. One whose impressions are widely disseminated in the newspapers (7).
22. A colourable fish, so to speak (5).
23. Does it take a hundred years to make these habitations? (5).
24. This is a bit thick! (5).
26. A synonym for a word in "She sells sea-shells by the seashore" (5).
27. Would this be appropriate in the menu of a pugilist? (5).
28. There is an indication of correctness in such fear, lacking which it might be as good as dead (5).
30. The substantial part of our City Fathers (3).
35. In this case to be cautious is also in some degree to be impolite (7).
36. You will find that the exhibition is in existence here (7).
38. "I 'm pure," says this Judge of the Court; as he doubtless is elsewhere (6).
39. These expressions of opinions sound like a number of set traps (6).
41. A branch of the deer family (6).
42. Decrees—in which deeds are involved (6).
44. This obviously is set down in writing (5).
45. Animals found in No. 19 (4).
46. Just a notion in seaside advertisements (4).
48. Uplift in the office? (4).
49. Might be descriptive of No. 52 (4).

This England . . .

Salcombe, Devon

ANNO DOMINI 1204 was notable, amongst divers other matters, for the payment of 5000 marks by the inhabitants of Devon, that their county might be disafforested. And that, good masters, is about the last great change that took place in this delectable land. For change comes to this England only where it must; whether we change forest for grazing, or grass for a forest of steel, the good things remain. How else, look you, would a man be refreshed of his labours—in fields of stone or in clover-ley—had he not his Worthington, an ale-brew as old and fine as the breed of Devon cattle . . . that blow so softly at you in those lovely sunken lanes.

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

THE extraordinary refinement of many of the smaller cars is one of the outstanding features of motoring today. It is less than a couple of years ago that one could not have a high-performance small car that was not, to a greater or lesser degree, rough and noisy. If one wanted smoothness and silence, one had to be content with a rather "woolly" performance. Yet the 1938 small car is both silent and snappy. If the latest Hillman "New Minx" is in any way typical of the species, it makes one wonder whether anything much better than the present-day "Ten" will ever be produced.

The "New Minx" drop-head coupé is the answer to a maiden's prayer—and many a man's as well. It combines absolutely perfectly the advantages of an open and a closed car. It is a matter of but a few minutes to lower the shapely folding head and wind down the glass windows, while the transformation to a snug little saloon is effected with equal rapidity. It is, perhaps, misleading to talk of this car as "little." It is really of roomy proportions, and by no means insignificant in appearance. My impressions of the "New Minx" were not acquired hastily, as the result of a short test. I must have covered a good eight hundred miles in the course of a week, driving from London down to the South Coast, over the Wiltshire Downs and lofty Dartmoor, to Plymouth, and finally, *viâ* Bath and Oxford, to its birthplace at Coventry.

The car in our photograph is a 3½-LITRE BENTLEY *with a specially-designed body by* JACK BARCLAY, LTD., *of George Street, Hanover Square. It is seen with Worcestershire Beacon as a background.*

Although rated at only 9·8 h.p., it is entirely free from fussiness. There is no need to be for ever gear-changing, for the "Minx" runs on top gear in traffic, and pulls so well on hills that one has constantly the impression of handling a much larger and more powerful car. Mind you, there is no excuse for not changing down on the "Minx," for the all-synchromesh gearbox, giving foolproof easy-changing on all four speeds, does everything it's supposed to do. But the type of driver who is chronically unwilling to change gear can hang on to "top" much longer on this Hillman than on any other four-seater of its size.

MISS NELLIE WALLACE *has just purchased this* HILLMAN "NEW MINX" FOURSOME DROPHEAD COUPÉ. *It will be observed that she is registering great pleasure over her new possession.*

Another thing that used to be associated in one's mind with small cars was the suspension, affecting both comfort and road-holding. Well, the car in question rides like a big American car, as softly as you please; yet every wheel seems permanently glued to the road, and you can corner at speed, swerve suddenly or drive flat-out over an undulating road without having to pay any special attention to the steering.

The steering, by the way, is quite remarkably light, even for a car of this size, and dead accurate at all speeds. There's a pleasant amount of caster-action, as evidenced by the way the wheel spins back to "straight ahead" after rounding a corner. The brakes, too, are such as inspire the greatest confidence. Of the Duo-Servo "Safety" Bendix type, they run for long periods without adjustment. You can put them on as hard as you like, yet they take effect smoothly and pull up the car absolutely evenly.

Another thing I liked was the sensible size of the petrol tank. It holds 7¾ gallons, which means that one can do a 200-mile journey without needing to fill-up *en route*, and still have over two gallons left. The oil consumption on the car I tried was too small to be measurable. On a hot day the front compartment keeps absolutely cool; I wish I could say this about every car I tested. Nor are there any fumes or hot smells to cause discomfort on a long, fast journey. At all speeds up to 60 m.p.h. (and the car will handsomely exceed this magic figure), the engine and transmission are uncannily silent and dead smooth. This is one of the reasons why a 200-mile run in the "New Minx" is not in the least tiring, so that it leaves you fresh and asking for more at the end.

Except in the case of very long-legged people occupying the front seats, so that they are pushed right back, there is adequate knee-room in the rear part of the drop-head coupé. When the car is fully open, too, the folded hood comes high up, protecting the rear-seat passengers from back-draughts. An average speed of 40 m.p.h. is possible even on busy or hilly roads without doing more than 50 to 60 m.p.h., for the accleration is lively and hill-climbing is fast. It is not often that I am in the happy position of reporting that I cannot find a single point to criticise adversely. Yet the "New Minx" Hillman drop-head coupé seems completely free from any sort of "snag," and at £215 represents extraordinarily good value for money.

"INDISPENSABLE" HANDBOOKS.

That overworked word "indispensable" can with justice be applied to just a few motoring handbooks which one never willingly leaves at home. For travel abroad, the Michelin guides are a classic example, while for Great Britain I personally prefer the fat A.A. guide, costing half-a-guinea or thereabouts, which gives you a whole lot of point-to-point itineraries all carefully worked-out. Then that bright book by Major W. G. McMinnies, called "Signpost," helps you to find at a glance a nice place to stay at, to swim at, to dance at, or do anything else at. The latest edition is bang up to date and quicker to look-up than ever. I've personally tried several of the places mentioned, and have been grateful to friend "Mac" for a valuable hint on several occasions.

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXV.

NO-TRUMPS.

I HAVE always stuck up for the no-trumper, both at auction and at contract. I still do; in a way, more at contract than at auction, but only for a sentimental reason: at contract the response of one no-trump is looked upon as a hopeless, poverty-stricken reply to partner's opening bid—it must of necessity advertise a real bad lot. Now that I consider just a bit hard on the no-trumper. I cannot see why it should be looked down upon, nor can I see why *of necessity* it must advertise a bad hand. The prevalent idea is that if you don't hold a really poor lot you should reply with two no-trumps, but I can't follow that argument either; why make a forcing reply straight away?—your partner *may* have opened on a minimum. I say that a one no-trump response should be treated with equal respect to any other "courtesy bid"; don't disdain the poor one no-trump; if it is as bad as it is made out to be, don't bid it at all—leave partner in to battle with his own contract.

Now, having said so much in favour of the no-trumper, I am going right back on myself by saying that, of all the evil bridge afflictions, the no-trump complex is the worst. It is, I think, "The Four Aces" who rather wittily put it, "Some players think that every hand should be played at no-trumps, and that they are pre-ordained to play them." This is undoubtedly true, and those said players are the most difficult (and expensive) to partner. A very charming friend of mine—a regular club player at that—is the most hardened case I know. She thinks, if not every hand, at least eleven out of twelve hands should be played at no-trumps. She will bid one in any suit—you reply with one no-trump; her next bid is three no-trumps, as a matter of course. If the play goes wrong, she says: "Well, *you* bid no-trumps." If you suggest she *might* have re-bid her suit or mentioned another, the reply is, "How could I? I had to support *your* no-trump." If you suggest that there is such a bid as two no-trumps without immediately jumping to a game bid, she will say, "My hand was good enough if *your* bid meant anything."

The same happens when she opens with one no-trump; any response from you means an immediate three no-trump contract. When that goes wrong, you are informed that she had a wonderful no-trump hand and that, had you anything at all to justify your bid, she would easily have made three no-trumps. On occasion—very rare—this dear lady holds such a big suit that she will play the hand in trumps. Having made game, and possibly a trick or two over, she will apologise and express her regret that she could not play the hand at no-trumps—in fact, she feels hurt about it and seems to think her partner must be hurt about it, too. All this is no exaggeration—it is absolutely true, although I must confess it is an exceptional case. But even with milder cases of this no-trump mania the game is very difficult. The obvious—and, indeed, only—thing to do is never to give your partner a response—it is the classic instance of where "No bid" is the best of all bids. But then you 're up against two snags—(*a*) you practically have no chance of winning the rubber; (*b*) you will get some nasty looks and some nastier expressions on your bidding qualifications from your partner. There is another way out of the difficulty if you can manage it—avoid the table at which a no-trump enthusiast is sitting.

At auction, it was taken pretty well for granted that a good playing suit is always better than no-trumps. The same holds good for contract, but mark, you must omit the word "always"; many a hand with a solid suit should be played at no-trumps, as I hope to show next week.

Here is a six-card double dummy:

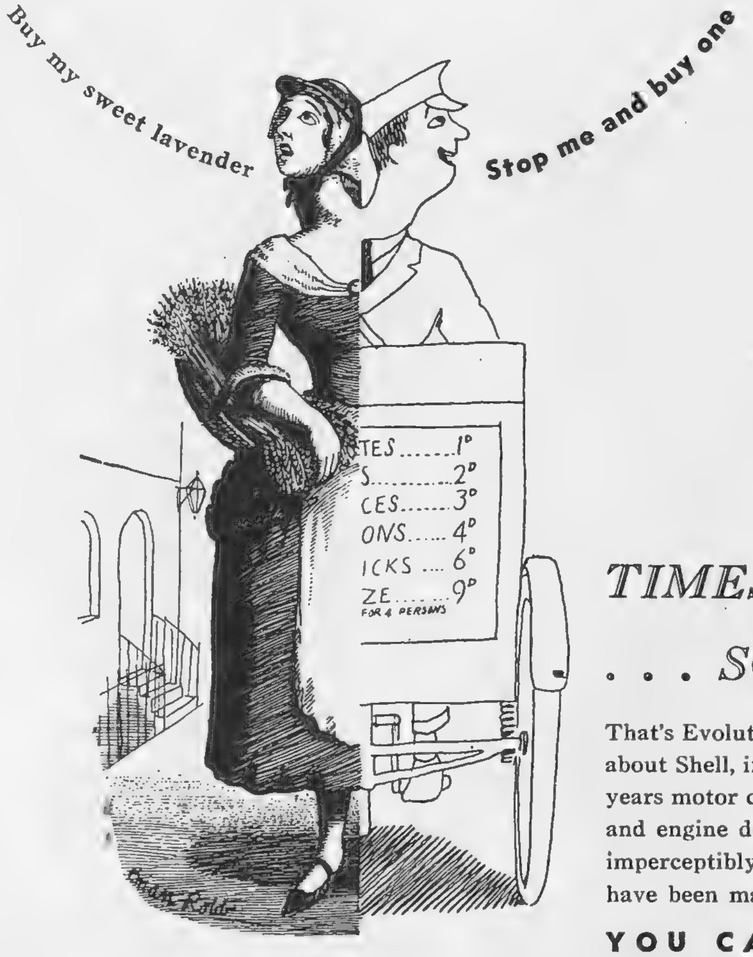
	SPADES—8, 7. HEARTS—None. CLUBS—Q, 10. DIAMONDS—A, 9. B	
SPADES—Kn, 5, 4. HEARTS—None. CLUBS—Kn, 9. DIAMONDS—3.	Y Z	SPADES—K. HEARTS—None. CLUBS—8, 7. DIAMONDS—K, 7, 6.
	A SPADES—A, 6. HEARTS—K, 10, 9. CLUBS—None. DIAMONDS—Q.	

Spades are trumps. A to lead and make five tricks.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, SEPT. 1.

ACROSS.—2. Heinous. 8. Proa. 9. Popgun. 10. Trinity. 11. Ouch. 12. Gentle. 13. Viol. 14. Merrie. 16. Ibid. 17. Treason. 18. Scum. 21. Gaga. 22. Adipose. 24. Brer. 25. Stilts. 28. Paté. 29. Banzai. 31. Apse. 32. Adenoid. 33. Simoon. 34. Egad. 35. Silenus.

DOWN.—1. Grouse. 2. Hathor. 3. "Isis." 4. Orifice. 5. Spyglasses. 6. Spanking. 7. Quilling. 15. Ethiopians. 19. Caryatid. 20. Marazion. 23. Oatmeal. 26. Iradés. 27. Tuscan. 30. Joan.



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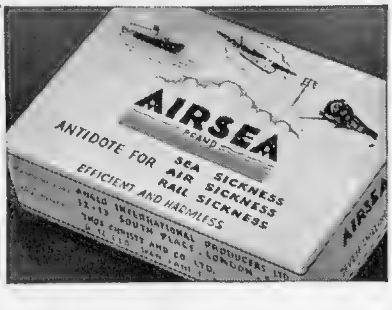

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P 135

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 480)

Through Darkest Asia. "Forbidden Journey" is "News from Tartary" through the eyes of the other traveller, Mr. Fleming's companion in the trek from China to India. It will amuse English readers to see Mr. Fleming from the outside, especially as Miss Maillart was not sure what to make of him. His "English humour" and affectation of nonchalance kept her guessing; she never quite knew when a remark of his should be taken seriously, and when it was only a pose, or a joke of some sort, or meant to tease. Mr. Fleming's fellow-countrymen will hardly share her perplexity; they will conclude that this celebrated young traveller is extremely irritating, and more than a little charming. And every now and then they will feel a glow of jingoistic pride in him—one can't help it.

Miss Maillart's enthusiasms appear naïve—girlish—by contrast; but attractively so. After all, who do exceptional and exciting things if one is going to be *blasé* about them? From her narrative we catch the thrill of these desert journeys, of the isolation, the monotony, the physical trials and satisfactions, the sense of lordship over infinite space. And her instinctive delight is balanced by a keen practical interest in the question—almost insoluble in Central Asia: "What is really going on?" "Forbidden Journey" contains a little for everyone—and some beautiful photographs.

K. J.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

John Cornelius. By Hugh Walpole. (*Macmillan; 8s. 6d.*)
The Faithful Compass. By Doreen Wallace. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
My Father's Son. By Giles Playfair. (*Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d.*)
Forbidden Journey. By Ella K. Maillart. (*Heinemann; 12s. 6d.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"OLD MUSIC" (St. James's). 8.30.—Crimea and Crinoline-time brilliantly re-created by Keith Winter and Rex Whistler. Celia Johnson, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"JUDGMENT DAY" (Phœnix). 8.30.—Trial and counter-revolution in totalitarian State. Tense action; brilliant acting and production. Catherine Lacey, Ronald Adam, Freda Jackson, Glynis Johns.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40. —Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"GERTIE MAUDE" (St. Martin's). 8.30. John van Druten's Conversation Piece of 1911. First-rate acting.

SHAKESPEAREAN SEASON (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). 8.15.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Another good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"THEY CAME BY NIGHT" (Globe). 8.30.—Another thriller by Barré Lyndon; with Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!).

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"EASY LIVING" (Carlton).—Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold in the joyous comedy of a fur coat.

"YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE" (Academy).—A Jewish comedy from Warsaw, starring Molly Picon.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ACTION FOR SLANDER" (London Pavilion).—Clive Brook and a distinguished company in a polished adaptation of Mary Borden's novel.

"FOR YOU ALONE" (Tivoli).—Fine singing by Grace Moore in a romantic comedy with Cary Grant.

"STRADIVARIUS" (Curzon).—French romantic drama centred round the history of an old violin.

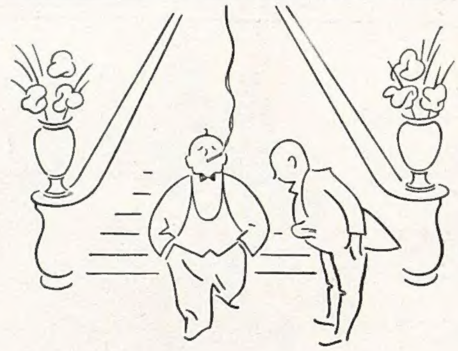
"A CASTLE IN FLANDERS" (Berkeley).—Modern German romance with music, starring Marta Eggerth.

"UNDER THE RED ROBE" (New Gallery).—Lively adaptation of Stanley Weyman's famous novel, with Conrad Veidt and Annabella.

"MARKED WOMAN" (Regal).—Bette Davis in a strong drama of New York night-life.

"WAKE UP AND LIVE" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—A radio "musical" with an entertaining story.

While every endeavour is made to keep these lists up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.



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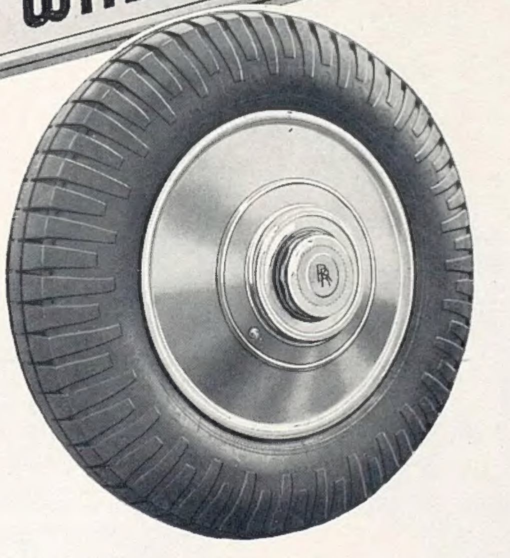

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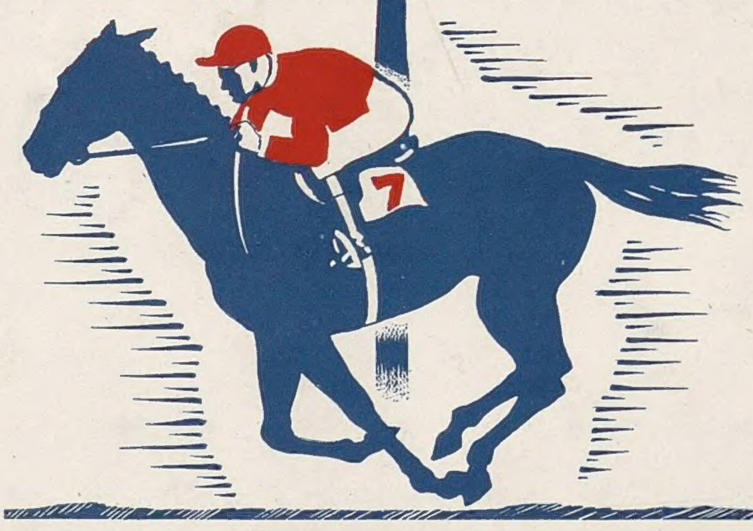

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